THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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The Real Boss of the United States

By David Graham Phillips

Three in a Game

By Morley Roberts

A Start in Life

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The Stock Exchange from the Inside

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A Valentine Letter By Thornton S. Hardy

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The Boss of the United States

SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH

By David Graham Phillips

THE POWER BEHIND THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE. THE MAN AND HIS METHODS

NELSON W. ALDRICH, senior Senator from Rhode Island, and father-in-law of the heir of *the* Rockefeller, is often called the most powerful man in our public life. But even those who assert it upon the clearest knowledge of the facts do not vividly believe it. How can mere force of reason, unaided by imagination, retain in the foreground a figure so shadowy, so unreal, so retiring, so visually innocuous? In spite of reason and knowledge, Mr. Aldrich is quickly permitted again to hide himself behind the speechmakers whose shouts fill the public ears and whose swellings fill the public eyes. He is forgotten—he makes few and unimpressive speeches, he proposes no important legislation, he gives few and meagre interviews, he seems to have no opinion but "the party's." As a public figure he is as diaphanous as a ghost. You no sooner recognize him for what he is than you think you were mistaken.

John J. Ingalls said of another Senator that compared to his stealthy tread the silence of a fox slipping to cover was as the clamor of hobnail boots on the loosest board in a rickety floor. But Mr. Ingalls would never have made so inadequate a comparison for Mr. Aldrich. To call him silent and stealthy would as ill describe him as to call him noisy and headlong. Silence and stealth look mysterious, excite suspicion. Mr. Aldrich does neither. He is no vanisher like the cat that made Alice so uncomfortable in Wonderland. He simply does not appear at all. He is not noted because he isn't there.

We often hear of a something called "the power behind the throne"—a thrilling, half-admired, half-dreaded figure. But we do not hear of the real power—the power *behind* "the power behind the throne." Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, master of the United States Senate, which is master of the Federal statute book, is not the power behind the throne—the Senate is that. He is the power behind "the power behind the throne." That is, he is The Power. Others have influence; he has power.

You lean over the rail of the Senate gallery to look down at him. You search among the curly heads and white, the iron-gray heads and bald. Presently, with the aid of guide or diagram you find him; and the chances are that you say: "Why, there's nothing extraordinary about *him*. *He's* quiet and commonplace enough." But don't look away, convinced that rumor has exaggerated him. The superficial view of the extraordinary man, whether he be good or bad or the usual mixture of good and bad, is always disappointing, deceptive.

A Leader Without Horns or Halo

Senator Aldrich has a head, features, arms and legs, a trunk, clothes—all not unlike those of other men. He is unusually tall and slender and straight—but not amazingly handsome or startling in face or figure. He wears no halo, neither does he exhale a sulphurous odor. His presence does not act like a benediction, nor does it spread a blight. Possibly he may be sneezing or snuffling, or cackling over one of Doctor Depew's jokes. You say to yourself at once: "Plain human."

So continue to watch Mr. Aldrich. Your first impression grows stronger. Obviously he is a quiet, business person—the kind of man who might naturally start as did he, a retail grocer and a ward politician; the kind of man who would surely, as did he, rise slowly to prosperity and position. But never to eminence! True, there is a hawk look about the nose and eyes, a suggestion of great firmness under the shadow of that beautiful, graceful white mustache, a piercing quality in those bright brown eyes. But, a man of unrivaled power, the ruler of the Senate? Impossible. A handsome, cheerful, well-preserved man of sixty; a leader, under some of those with obviously superior brains. But not a ruler.

What Goes on Behind the Speaker's Desk

He rises to make a few remarks. The subject under discussion is one of those matters in which he is alleged to be intimately interested. One of his pet tariff schedules has been attacked and he has drawn his own sword to defend it. Your former impressions are almost unshakably confirmed as he talks. It is the talk of a plain business man, and not at all adroit. The arguments he advances in the effort to make the worse appear the better reason are almost schoolboyish. You cannot listen; your wandering eyes observe that his colleagues are not listening. They are talking, reading, writing, sleeping. Certainly the Senate would not dare treat its master thus. No, it is ridiculous to call this man the custodian of the statute books of the Republic.

Presently, as the opposition attack grows hotter, the leaders of the majority withdraw to one of the retiring-rooms behind the Speaker's desk. There go all the greatest great Senators of the party in power—Allison and Hale, Lodge and Beveridge and Spooner and the others whose names are known wherever newspapers are read. And Aldrich goes also. You cannot follow, but if you could and did you would still retain your first impression of Aldrich. Each of the leaders talks, Aldrich not more than the others, far less than some. What he says seems in the main to be assent to parts of what the other speakers are saying. After a while the "conference" breaks up. The policy has been settled.

Each man fancies there has been a real conference, fancies he has contributed something to the policy finally adopted. But it was not a conference; it was a gathering to receive orders. And Mr. Aldrich was the man who gave the orders. The policy as finally adopted is in every essential the policy he has worked out in his brain before the "conference" began. In every *essential;* in no *unimportant* detail.

How did he do it? In the way that nature taught him, in the way that he has been improving through forty years of experience in public life with men of the kinds most difficult to handle. He ordered by suggestion—the mode that spares human vanity, that enlists support where any other mode would have excited irritation and opposition, might have provoked revolt; the only possible mode for the easy and continuous and viselike control of such sensitive souls as Senators. Take a cue from Senator Aldrich, and whenever you have an order to give to a sensitive soul, give it in such a way that it seems to be an idea originating in the sensitive soul and not coming from you at all. True, he had the enormous advantages of being the only man present who knew what was essential and what non-essential. But this alone would not secure him such peaceful sway. For that, power must be coördinated with method.

The Aldrich method is not spectacular. It does not give the man of power the intoxicating vision of strong and weak cringing and crawling and trembling before him. But it "gets there"—and Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, cares not a fig for the robes and titles and homage of authority; cares only to "get there." He could issue orders in true Napoleonic fashion if he wished. Usually they would be obeyed. But in just those cases where he most needs obedience he would not get it. Nor would he have risen to his present position of absolute power. Nor would he have his present prospect of indefinite tenure. What a vast advantage it is to him that while all Senators individually admit his despotism as to others, every Senator of high ability believes himself a sharer in, not a servant of, that despotism.

What is the source of Mr. Aldrich's power? What, whom does he represent?

The answer lies in the phrase—"The party."

Apparently, a clear-cut and easily understood phrase. In fact, vague and most misleading. In one sense "the party" means sundry millions of voters who habitually support certain candidates and platforms. But that is "the party" only in the sense that the feathers are the chicken. Again, in a sense "the party" means the "organization"—certain thousands of heelers and workers, of toilers in torch-light processions, of "rooters" at political meetings, of "hustlers" to get out the vote, of delegates to conventions, of candidates for any old thing within reach or just out of reach. In a third sense "the party" means the public leaders—the men who "fire opening guns" and "strike keynotes" and write platforms and introduce bills and make opening and closing speeches thereon. In a fourth sense "the party" means the permanent campaign committee or its leaders—consuming tons of stationery and great grosses of sheets of stamps, "frying the fat" out of corpulent partisans, getting some fat from patriots, more from those personally interested, most of all from those with that quaint, unanalyzable combination of patriotic with pocketbook or ambitious interest in "the party's" success.

The Heart of the Party

In a fifth sense "the party" means—a Mr. Aldrich. When we arrive there we are at the heart of the bird. Far, far within, well protected from view or reach, lies this really, truly "the party"—some one man who receives and pumps out the propelling force, the blood that quickens the whole corpus to the tip of the farthest feather. Search through any human institution, vast or small, and at the seat of its life you will find this personality-heart—not many personalities, not many men guarding an altared ideal, but just one personality, one man who is in his own person the essence of what that institution actually represents.

The essence of "the party" of which Mr. Aldrich is the actual ruler is the protective tariff system. And Mr. Aldrich, senior Senator from Rhode Island and chairman of the Senate's most powerful committee, Finance, *is* the protective tariff system personified.

In 1890 there went upon the statute books a law popularly known as the McKinley Tariff Act. But it should be called the Aldrich Tariff Act. In 1894 it was repealed and in its place was put the so-called Wilson Tariff Act. But it should

be called the Aldrich Tariff Act. In 1897 it was repealed and what is known as the Dingley Act was substituted for it. But our present tariff law is not the Dingley Act, but an Aldrich Act again. When the Republican party was dominant, in 1890 and 1897, "the party" was triumphant. When the Democratic party was dominant, in 1894, still Mr. Aldrich's "the party" was triumphant, getting most of the essential things that he—that is, it—wanted and almost provoking President Cleveland to veto the so-called Wilson bill, Democratic measure though it purported to be.

A tariff bill, being a measure for taxation, must under the Constitution originate in the popular branch of Congress. But the power-loving, power-flaunting Senate rarely fails to "amend" the bills which come up from the House; and whenever the bill touches on "the party," to "amend" means that Mr. Aldrich practically cuts the animal off behind the ears and sticks on a new body—it starts out a horse, and at the finish it still looks a horse if you have eyes only for its face; but on side view it is seen to be more of an elephant. The Senate "amends" in committee—"the party's" measures of taxation in Finance Committee. And Mr. Aldrich is the Finance Committee. In the case of the Wilson or Democratic tariff bill the "amending" was done by the Senate in committee of the whole. The Democrats had a majority—nominally. But when it came to a tariff bill, for his own particular purposes Mr. Aldrich had a majority—"the party" is not constricted to or by political party lines. Yet Mr. Aldrich's name was hardly mentioned in the fierce wrangle between the Democratic factions.

Mazzini said of Italy that all its public questions of whatever kind analyzed into the religious question. And it may be said of this country that all its public questions analyze immediately or ultimately into some phase of the tariff question. The tariff itself is only the centre of a system. From it a system—"the party's" system—ramifies out and out in all directions, penetrates into every policy of the national administration, affects even State administrations, even the direction of the public affairs of county, city and town. Not only the tariff, but also the whole system and all its friends must be looked after—all men and all interests that in any way touch on the tariff. Thus there can hardly be a public act proposed which Mr. Aldrich must not scrutinize, must not edit or amend or kill in the open or emasculate in the interest of the system which he represents, in the interest of "the party" which he is.

The Secret of His Power

When he thinks that a bill, whether it be about the industrial or transportation combinations or about the civil service or about our Asiatic jewels, contains matters detrimental to "the party," that bill does not pass. Something that reads like it may pass; something that suggests it may pass; something that seems to accomplish the same purpose in another way may pass. But not that bill.

The secret of his power is that he alone possesses *all* the secrets of the system that is the essence of "the party." Some one must occupy that position. The some one must be a Senator—the system requires length of service and remoteness from the dangers of sudden currents of public anger. A Senator, therefore, and a Senator from some sure State, such as right little, tight little Rhody, full of tariff-benefited factories. And a Senator of the calm, cool, practical, unpretentious "get-there" type—an Aldrich and no other. If you wish to know why Mr. Aldrich was chosen, look over the list of Senators for the past fifteen years. You will find no other with all the essential qualifications. It was Mr. Aldrich by the process of natural selection.

Concentration is the watchword of the hour. For years Mr. Aldrich has been illustrating concentration in its most highly organized form. He took hold of the system when his party seemed about to abandon it by the circuitous route of the reciprocity treaty and the anti-trust law. He concentrated it into himself. He built it into the creed of his political party, made it the source of campaign contributions and of votes, carried it through the troublous times of Mr. Cleveland's second term, is now entrenching it against the renewed assaults of the reciprocity treaty and the anti-monopoly law. He has so spread abroad the reverence for it and the fear of it that a politician, goaded though he may be by an imperious outburst of public sentiment in his own locality, ventures the mildest protest against it with stammering tongue and quaking legs. And all this has Mr. Aldrich accomplished without attracting public attention sharply to himself. The openest and frankest of servants of the system, he is less noted than many of its secret agents. A writer of schedules the most profound and adroit—schedules that place an article on the free list in large type and load it with an enormous duty in small type—he is not credited with the authorship of a single tariff bill or tariff schedule. The very men whose hands he guided as they wrote are unconscious of him; would if they spoke their candid minds say at most, "I and Aldrich—but Aldrich had really nothing to do with it."

All who closely watch the Washington currents, see how invariably Aldrich gets his, "the party's," own or nearly all of it, how often he gains most when he has apparently lost all. And sometimes they wonder that his power is never conceded by any Senator where that Senator himself is concerned, though almost always conceded nowadays as to all the other Senators constituting the majority.

The explanation of this unimpaired vanity of uninfluenced personality is Mr. Aldrich's simplicity and directness and openness to counsel and eagerness for counsel. Each man in turn has his entire confidence—any Senator will tell you that Aldrich, so secretive with many, has often unbosomed his inmost soul to him: "He trusts other Senators now and then, but he leans on me." Each man in turn has his advice taken—"perhaps not in its original form, but after Aldrich had acted as my pacemaker to limber my mind out to its true gait." "Yes, Aldrich influences the other fellow. But me? Ha! Ha! Why, he takes my advice." And he does—in the interesting Aldrich fashion.

Mr. Aldrich is a very rich man. He was rich before he made the powerful alliance through the intermarriage of his family and that of *the* Rockefeller. He began life poor. He built himself from a retail grocer to a wholesale grocer, to a street-car magnate with all the street railways of Rhode Island under the control of his syndicate. It cannot be said of him that he loves money. Rather is he a lover of power—one of those secret, silent, passionate lovers of power who bar the doors, draw the blinds, retire to the cellar, to the coal bin, and there beneath the closed lid shut their eyes and venture to indulge in their ecstasies.

His Control of His Own State

He knows Rhode Island politics as a Tammany leader knows his district. It is a little State and he receives election returns from all parts of it by telephone at his house in Providence. It has less than 60,000 votes, about 425,000 inhabitants—there are six American cities with more. Eight Rhode Islands would just equal New York City in population; four would just equal Chicago; three would just equal Philadelphia. It has fewer inhabitants by 75,000 than Baltimore.

With the House practically extinguished, it is Mr. Roosevelt face to face with Mr. Aldrich. And, be it remembered, Presidents come and go, but the Senate goes on forever, and Mr. Aldrich could be dislodged from his seat only by a political cataclysm. Mr. Roosevelt can't succeed without the Senate, but the Senate can do very nicely, thank you, without the White House. As for Mr. Aldrich—"the party" lies secure, deep below party strife and all kinds of political commotion. He therefore comes nearer to being a permanent institution and a real ruler than any man this Republic has thus far had in its public life.

A Valentine Letter

By Thornton Sherburne Hardy

GOD, who gives all things at their worth,
Gave you the shape, the semblance—
Your face the glass wherein men see
The magic of their own devising,
Your soul a page whereon men write—
What they would have you,
What you'll never be.

Is it not strange
That you who have no memory
Should be the source
Of all men's memories who knew you;
That your easy loves—
Sincere, soon lost, soon sought again—
Should rest the type to all your lovers
Of what they never came to,
Yet secured eternally?
A thing to be approached and savored
In imaginings,
Caught at in sleep
And loosed in waking—
To be won never quite
And so to be lost never wholly.
And who will pay the cost
And where the profit goes
Is far too shrewd a reckoning for me;
I would not quarrel with the gift of God,
Or break the mirror
Questioning its riddle.
Who was your lover once
Will still be dreaming
In his last sleep
The vision of your seeming,
Which, prove it as he may,
He must believe in still.

So shall he yet, as I do now,
Write himself false—
Know himself true.

The Wrong Man

By William Mathews

A CURIOUS anecdote is told of an unlucky remark made by Bishop Burnet, of Queen Anne's time, who, though a learned and pious man, is said to have been a somewhat greedy gossip. Asking the Duke of Marlborough one day to introduce him to the Prince Eugene, he was told that the Duke would do so on one condition—viz., that of his speaking only when the Prince should address him. This was agreed to, and the Prince, on the Bishop being presented, asked him if he had ever been in Paris. "Yes," was the reply; "the first time I was there was when the Countess of Soissons was apprehended for having suborned a villain to administer poison." The Prince turned instantly away with horror. The Countess of Soissons was his own mother!

There are persons in every community who in the social circle have an astonishing talent for saying and doing the wrong thing. One of these unfortunate gentlemen, at a reception in London, once said to Lord North: "Who is that uncommonly ugly lady opposite to you?" "That uncommonly ugly lady, sir, is my wife." "No, my lord," said the querist, "I mean the one at her right." "That, sir, is my daughter."

It is well known that Alexander Pope was greedy of praise, and resorted to the most contemptible tricks and artifices to win it. On one occasion, angling for a compliment, he asked his friend Mallet what new things there were in literature. "Nothing worth notice," was the reply; "only a thing called an *Essay on Man*, made up of shocking poetry and insufferable philosophy." "I wrote it!" cried the poet, stung with rage; and his friend blushed, bowed and darted out of the room, never to return.

It is said that during the late Civil War Wendell Phillips was spending a day or two at a hotel in Springfield, Massachusetts, when a "copperhead" guest entered into a conversation with him, not knowing who he was. After violently anathematizing all abolitionists, and especially Mr. Phillips, the gentleman added: "And, by the way, I see that Wendell Phillips' name is on the hotel register." "Yes," said the latter with an air of utter unconcern; "I wrote it there."

One of the most eminent Baptist preachers of England a century ago was Dr. Andrew Fuller, author of "The Gospel its Own Witness" and other noted works which won for him the title of "The Franklin of Theology." Great as was his fame, there was a time in his life when he was deemed heretical—an Armenian—by his Calvinistic brethren of London. While he was visiting that city a friend and admirer, who knew that his views were misunderstood, arranged with the leaders of a Baptist association which was in session there that Mr. Fuller, who was a stranger to its members, should preach to them without his name being announced. After some objections to the arrangement the preacher was persuaded, on assurances of the good that would result, to consent to it, and on the day appointed delivered one

of his most powerful and effective discourses, in which his supposed heretical views were frankly set forth. All his hearers were delighted with the sermon, and as he came down from the pulpit many hurried forward to express to him their admiration of it. Among these, one clergyman, as he grasped the preacher by the hand, exclaimed with great earnestness: "Oh, how I wish Andrew Fuller could have heard you to-day. *Sir, you have demolished his doctrine*, and *cut him up, root and branch!*"

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, critic and speculative philosopher, once told the following diverting story of himself and "many-tomed Pinkerton," the Scottish historian and antiquary, who died in Paris in 1826: "When my Lyrical Ballads first came out it was anonymously, and they made a good deal of noise. A few days after their publication I dined at Mrs. Barbauld's, and sat beside Mr. Pinkerton. We talked a good deal together, and I found him very amusing and full of general information. When we retired to the drawing-room he led me to a recess, having taken up a copy of the Lyrical Ballads, which lay on the table. 'Pray, sir,' said he, 'have you read this thing?' 'I have looked into it.' 'Do you know the author?' asked he. 'Do *you* know the author?' echoed I, resolved not to be caught. 'No,' said Pinkerton; 'but I never have read such trash as his book, particularly an extravagant farrago of absurdity called *The Ancient Mariner*. Don't you think it insufferable?' Coleridge: 'Intolerable!' Pinkerton: 'Detestable!' Coleridge: 'Abominable!' Pinkerton: 'Odious!' Coleridge: 'Loathsome!' Pinkerton: 'Sir, you delight me. It is really delightful to meet a man of sound sense in these days of our declining literature. If I have a passion on earth, it is an abhorrence of these *Lyrical Ballads* of which every one is talking, but most especially of this *Ancient Mariner*.' Coleridge: 'Hush! Not a word more! Here comes our hostess! I know she is acquainted with the author, and might be hurt.' Pinkerton (pulling Coleridge by the button, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and speaking in a whisper): 'I'll tell you what, sir, we mustn't let this matter drop. Let's fix a day for dining together at the Turk's Head. We'll have a private room, a beefsteak, a bottle of old port, pens, ink and a quire of foolscap. We'll lay our heads together and review this thing; and if we don't give it such a slashing, such a tearing, such a ——' 'If we don't!' said Coleridge. 'Is it a bargain?' 'Most certainly.' 'Done!' 'Done!'"

THREE IN A GAME

By Morley Roberts

IN WHICH SHANGHAI SMITH OF THE BARBARY COAST TAKES A HAND AT MATCHMAKING

THINGS were quiet in San Francisco—that is to say, though there was the usual spouting on the Sand-lot on Sundays, there was no great political row on just then. The President had still three years to run before any chance of a second term, and local politics had quieted down. The Governor of the State, though an angel to one side and a devil to the other, had been "let up on" at last. So it was a blessing to them without any disguise when the rivalry between young Jack Hunt and Sibley Gawthrop for the hand and the money and the affections of Edith Atherton became public property. It was most of all a blessing to Gardiner, the smartest new man on the San Francisco Era, who knew both of the boys well.

For how could any "story" fail to pay dividends when two of the swagger "Anglo-Franco-Californians," the most beautiful girl on the Coast, and Shanghai Smith, the most scoundrelly boarding-house keeper on the Pacific, played leading parts in the drama? And when one reflects that San Francisco, the Pacific itself and the Atlantic, and the Sailors' Home in Wall Street, London, came into the newspaper play quite naturally, it seems obvious there was meat for any reporter's teeth.

Gardiner, of course, was not in the high-toned gang to which Hunt and Gawthrop belonged, but he knew them both very well. Although he had only been in California a short year he knew every one in San Francisco, from the biggest toughs in Telegraph Hill and the political bosses to the big pots and some of their womenkind. He knew Miss Atherton, too. He wanted to know her better. Though he was on the staff of the Era it was his own fault. If he could have only got on with his father in New York he might have been as rich as Hunt himself. But the boy who cannot differ on vital points with his father before he is sixteen is no true American, and Gardiner was U. S. to his finger-tips.

"I'll get there yet," said Gardiner. His chance was coming.

"How is it that you bow to a reporter on the Era, my dear?" asked a friend of Edith Atherton. "I understand that is what he is."

"I do it because he might have been my brother," said Edith Atherton.

"What *do* you mean?"

"I mean that his father nearly married my mother," said Edith, "but he was too autocratic and he married an Englishwoman. I don't wonder George Gardiner could not hit it off with him. Poor boy, I wish he could!"

Certainly he was far finer looking than either Hunt or Gawthrop. That is the way her friend interpreted the girl's sigh.

"And he's cleverer, too," said the elder woman acutely; "nevertheless——"

And "nevertheless" was very easy to interpret. "Which will it be, I wonder?" said her friend.

The solution lay on the knees of the gods and in the hands of Shanghai Smith.

That night Hunt met Gardiner at the club.

"What are you looking so down about?" asked the newspaper man. "You are drinking too much. Ease up on it."

Indeed Hunt was drinking too much. He drank enough to loosen his tongue.

"Confound that Gawthrop," he said.

"Ah, I see," cried Gardiner; "is that it?"

And Hunt nodded sulkily.

"If he was only out of the way," he moaned, "I believe I could work the racket with her."

Gardiner shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well, buck up. Come on, I'm going to the office."

They walked into Kearney Street and turned east toward the Era offices. As they passed Bush Street a very hard-looking citizen nodded to Gardiner.

"Who's that?" asked Hunt.

"Don't you know him? That's 'Shanghai' Smith, the biggest scoundrel unhung. He's a sailor's crimp and daylight robber, and a man with a 'pull.'"

Certainly Smith had some political power.

"And why do they call him 'Shanghai'?" asked Hunt.

"Because he 'shanghais' men," answered Gardiner, "and nowadays that means drugging a man and putting him aboard some ship. Oh, he's a daisy. He'd ship your dad to New York around the Horn if there was money in it. When a man disappears in this city we look first in the Morgue and then make inquiries at Smith's."

"I wish Gawthrop was in the Morgue, I do," said Hunt, "and here I'll say good-night. You're a good chap, Gardiner, if you are a newspaper man, and it's a relief to talk to you."

They shook hands and parted, but Gardiner had not walked ten yards before he turned and came back. His eyes glittered curiously. Hunt's were blurred and fishy. He had certainly taken a little too much. Gardiner wondered if he had taken too much to remember in the morning what happened now.

"DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID TO ME LAST NIGHT?"

"You wish he was in the Morgue, eh?"

"I do," said Hunt firmly; "I do."

"Why not get him shanghaied?" asked Gardiner. And he walked away very swiftly and did not return when Hunt called to him.

"By the Great Horn Spoon and the tail of the Sacred Bull, I'll not give her up," said Gardiner; "certainly not to a man like Hunt or Gawthrop. Sooner than that I'll write to the old man and squeal. He'll rub it in, but after all he's the dad and she's——"

Ah, she was everything!

"Let the best man win. I'm in the game, after all," said Gardiner, "yet if she hadn't recognized me to-day I'd have thrown it up!"

He was not surprised to see Hunt the next afternoon, though every one else in the office was astonished to find him looking for a mere reporter.

"Do you remember what you said to me last night?" asked Hunt rather nervously.

"About what?"

"About somebody called Shanghai Smith?"

He stared out of the window as he spoke.

"I remember, Hunt."

"Can it be done?"

"Can what be done?"

"Could I get rid of that Gawthrop for a month or two?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if you put up the dollars."

"Will you help me?"

"And get myself—disliked?"

He was going to say "get myself in the penitentiary," but on reflection he did not desire to frighten Hunt. After all, the affair would call so much laughter that legal proceedings were not likely to rise out of it.

"I don't want you to show. Only give me a pointer. Could you bring this Smith to me?"

Gardiner stabbed his desk with a penknife and considered the matter for a moment.

"Look here," he said, "I want to deal as squarely as I can with you. I don't want either you or Gawthrop to marry this particular lady."

Hunt stared at him.

"You don't—oh, I say, Gardiner——"

And he burst into laughter, which Gardiner apparently did not resent.

"Yep, I know I'm a newspaper dog and so on. Let that be. If I choose to crawl down and go East I could stack dollar for dollar with half of you in time. What I'm telling you is this. I think Gawthrop has more show than you and I'd be glad to get him out of the way, just as he'd be glad, no doubt, to get you out. I'll help if you'll hold your tongue about me, whatever happens."

"Very well," said Hunt, "I give you my word."

"Whatever happens?"

"Whatever happens."

"Of course I shall do everything I can to win."

"That's only natural," said Hunt. "But I'll bet you a thousand dollars that if I get Gawthrop out of the way I'll marry Miss Atherton inside of three months."

"Whatever happens?"

"Whatever happens."

"Then I take that bet," said Gardiner. "And to-morrow you shall meet Shanghai."

But when Hunt had gone Gardiner winked steadily at nothing and stroked his chin.

"Great Scott, this *is* a game," he said. "I wonder where Gawthrop is?"

But before he found out he sat down and wrote a letter to the elder Gardiner in New York. It was late that evening before he went down to that undesirable quarter of San Francisco known as the Barbary Coast, where Shanghai Smith kept his sailor-robbing den.

As he went along the water-front and saw the ships lying at the wharves it was "plumb" dark. Though he knew every tough in the city he walked some way from the edge of the wharves and kept his hand on his six-shooter in the

right-hand pocket of his coat. There is never any knowing what may happen in the low quarters where all the scum of the world gathers, and it is well to keep one's eyes skinned lest worse may befall. Gardiner had no desire to turn up on a trestle at the Morgue at his next public appearance. But though he was careful he went cheerfully, and could not help laughing.

"To think of Sibley Gawthrop as an Able Seaman on board the Harvester or the Wanderer! But won't it do him good! These young Californians are a rotten crowd!"

He came at last to Smith's house and stepped upon the veranda floor boldly.

"Why, it's Mr. Gardiner of the Era, so it is," said Billy, who was Smith's runner and, next to his boss and a few politicians, the hardest case in California. "Is it Mr. Smith you want to see, sir?"

"I'm only just doing a walk-around, and thought I'd look in, Billy," said Gardiner carelessly.

"Ay, just a *cultus nannitch*, as they say in Chinook," replied Billy. "But we're always glad to see you."

Gardiner doubted that. But Smith was always civil to newspaper men. He hadn't bought Gardiner as he had the police, and he knew that a true column and a bit on his doings might bring down an avalanche any day.

"And here is Mr. Smith," said Billy.

"How are you makin' it?" asked Smith, "and what'll you drink?"

But Gardiner was not drinking. It was so notoriously unhealthy to drink at Shanghai's place that few sober men were reckless enough to take a cocktail there.

"How are you off for men?" asked Gardiner. "Is business good?"

Smith shook his head.

"Men, there are too many of 'em! Now hell ain't fuller of devils, Mr. Gardiner, than what San Francisco is of sailors, and you know as well as me that with sailormen a drug in the market I don't come out on top."

"To be sure," said Gardiner, "but I was thinking, as I came along, that you might get a ship for a young friend of mine."

"I'll be glad to do anythin' for any friend of yours," said Smith, "but, as I'm tellin' you, 'tis as easy to be President of the United States as to do business with the streets full of men that lets on to be sailors. What kind of a job is your friend lookin' for?"

Gardiner laughed.

"I want him to go a voyage before the mast. It will do him good."

"Ah," said Smith quickly, "what's the game? But whatever it is, with you I'm on! Say it and mean it, that's me!"

Gardiner edged him up to the quiet end of the veranda.

"Smith, can you hold your tongue and earn a thousand dollars?"

"Can I do what?" asked Smith. "Look here, so help me, I'd cut my tongue out for a thousand. I *tell* you things are tough. What's the game?"

And Gardiner, after looking round, whispered in his ear.

"Whew!" whistled Smith, "you don't mean it. Young Sibley Gawthrop! Holy Sailor, I'd rather not touch him. His father is a power in the land."

Gardiner shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, very well, there are others. And in any case who need know you took a hand in it? Now will you or won't you? Yes or no, or I quit right here."

"You don't quit. I'll do it," said Smith. "I'll do it for you, C. O. D."

It can be judged how much he did it for Gardiner when C. O. D. is translated "Cash on Delivery."

"Right," said Gardiner, "and pick him a nice easy ship. A good old English limejuicer will be the thing. I want him to go to Europe."

He went up town and curiously enough found himself having supper in the swagger restaurant of the city at the next table to Hunt's victim.

"Gawthrop, I want to have a talk with you on very special business," he said; "can you spare me half an hour to-morrow morning if I call on you?"

And when they parted next morning, after their talk on "very special business," Sibley Gawthrop was in a high state of excitement.

"If I can only get that Hunt out of the way for three months I believe I can work the racket with her. But what I can't understand is Gardiner's notion that he has any chance. I suppose that's what he meant by keeping on saying, 'Don't think I do this for you. I'm not in it for friendship or for my health; I'll do you if I can.' Poor beggar, he hasn't the least show. Oh, but isn't this a game! To think of old Hunt turning up in the London Docks!"

He actually drove along the water-front that morning in order to gloat over the ships in the harbor, and when he saw men working up aloft he burst into laughter. The notion was splendid, whatever motive Gardiner had in putting him up to it. It was odd that he had never taken any interest in the seafaring trade of the city before. Gawthrop eyed the very loafers on the wharves with new feelings. Though he did not know it, he saw Shanghai Smith and his runner, Billy, at the bottom of Spear Street.

"Jehoshaphat," said Smith, "now this is a queer coincidence. Billy, that's the young feller I've been telling you about. See him!"

"Rather," growled Bill; "when do you want him shipped, and how am I to get him?"

"I'll tell you when it's fixed up," said Smith; "I've got to see the chap that's runnin' the show."

"There'll be a holy row on about it," growled Bill. "It ain't exackly legitimate business, Mr. Smith. It's all mighty well doin' what I *know*. I can get a crew out of a ship in the Bay with any man. But shanghaiin' sons of millionaires——"

"You're a forsaken fool," said Smith. "If you do it neatly who's to know till he comes back? And who knows then you or I done it? And ain't I reckonin' to allow you a bonus of ten dollars extra? With times as they is now and blood-money low, ten dollars is ten dollars, lemme tell you. And you've taken to growlin' lately in a way I'm not goin' to stand, Bill. I don't want any slack-jaw from you, so there."

"Who's givin' any slack-jaw?" expostulated the runner. "I suppose a man can hev an opinion?"

"And he can keep it till called for, too," said his boss. "I can lick you any time."

And Bill growled, "Who says you can't? Would I be workin' for you if you couldn't?" The inference was not exactly obvious.

That afternoon Gardiner came down again to the Barbary Coast and had another talk with Shanghai Smith.

"What, another of 'em?" asked Shanghai. "I say, Mr. Gardiner, this is a bit thick!"

"Yep, it's two thousand dollars thick," said Gardiner. "If you could only ship a whole crew on such terms you might retire and go in for politics."

"And who's the man this time?"

"It's Jack Hunt."

"Him as is payin' for Gawthrop?"

Gardiner nodded.

"And who's payin' for Hunt?"

Gardiner took him by the greasy lapel of his coat.

"I'll tell you—it's Gawthrop."

II

WHEN Gawthrop left the theatre some nights later he went straight down Market Street to the water-front and found his way to Shanghai Smith's without any difficulty. He had plenty of pluck and plenty of ignorance of the real conditions of life in San Francisco. What he heard and what he read about the matter did not touch him; he lived in security, in quite another world from the scoundrels at the bottom of Clay Street and the toughs of the "Coast." Life there was a theatrical representation. He sat in the stalls and said, "Poor devils, do they really live that way?" He was Sibley Gawthrop, the son of a big man: he was a power himself: he had no fear and went into the trap smiling. If he carried in his hip-pocket what Westerners call a "gun" it was on account of Western traditions. He showed no caution, though he walked whistling in the middle of the road. He had no chance to use any weapon and he never saw Smith. He never even saw Billy, Smith's runner, till Billy sandbagged him on the back of the head. For Smith was not to be found at his house. He was with Gardiner and they were both waiting till they heard from the runner that Gawthrop was safely disposed of.

"I ain't goin' to show in it," said Smith, "and why should I? The Hampshire is short of two hands as I shipped on her myself. They don't go aboard when they should, and they turns up drunk at my house—and Billy puts them on board. Can I help it if he puts the wrong ones on her? Of course I can't. And if Billy finds the cash agreed on in 'em and hands it to me, why I'll keep it till it's claimed by the owners of it!"

He winked his eye at Gardiner and the journalist burst into laughter.

"They'll not touch me," he said; "and if they do I shall either have the laugh on them or sha'n't care."

As he spoke there was a message sent up from the street. A boy wanted to see Mr. Gardiner.

"From the office, of course," said Gardiner. But he knew the word came from Billy.

"Billy, Mr. Smith's runner, gimme a quarter to run up to you, sir, and say it's all right," said the young hoodlum, "and *he* said you was to gimme another quarter."

Billy had said nothing of the kind, but the boy got it all the same.

And half an hour later Jack Hunt interviewed Billy the runner in about the same place in the dark road that Gawthrop had met him. The runner went through his pockets eagerly.

"Two thousand in the one night!" said Billy. "Oh, ain't Smith doin' well? And two first-class guns as belongs to me. I'll shove these boys on the Hampshire bright and early. Oh, I done it clean and neat."

He had great professional pride, and when he came alongside the Hampshire at four o'clock in the morning and found all hands getting up the anchor he felt that the thing was going to finish itself without a hitch.

"Once at sea and the job's complete. Hallo there, send down a whip into the boat," he cried; "I've got them two as skipped. And good men, too, when they're sober."

He heard the first mate bellow:

"Mr. Jones, get these swine on board quick. Drunk, are they? We'll sober 'em. Up aloft and loosen the topsails!"

And the two lights of San Francisco society were carried into the foc'sle.

They dropped Hunt and Gawthrop into two empty bunks and went on deck.

"Can't you turn these men to?" asked the chief mate, Mr. Ladd, of Jones. And Jones went for'ard and punched both of these gentlemen in the ribs.

"Wake up, you drunken galoots," said Jones. In answer they both sighed and snored, and turned peaceably to rest. Jones, who knew a bit, unhooked the lamp from the sweating beam overhead and lifting Hunt's eyelid with his thumb saw the man's pupil was down to a pin-point. It was the same with Gawthrop.

"Hocussed, of course," he said, and he reported aft that not even putting them under the hose would wake them for some hours.

"Confound all California and its manners and customs," said Ladd. But the manners and customs of Shanghai Smith at any rate saved Hunt and Gawthrop from eight hours of the finest education in the world. It was noon and the Hampshire's crowd was at dinner when Gawthrop showed signs of animation.

"Ah, humph," said Gawthrop, and without opening his eyes he reached out and pressed the head of a small bolt with his thumb.

"What's the josser doin' of?" asked Tom the Cockney.

"Johnson, give me some tea," said Gawthrop. He believed that his man had answered the electric bell. But there was a Johnson, or more properly a Johanssen, among the crew.

"Here, Dutchy, give him some tea."

Gawthrop opened his eyes and yawned. He shut his eyes again but did not shut his mouth in time to prevent Bill Jarley, who was the joker of the crowd, dropping a piece of soaked biscuit into it. Gawthrop spluttered, coughed violently, and sat up. As he did so he of course hit his head a smart crack on the deck above him. He raised himself again on his elbow and stared about him stupidly.

"'Ere, come out, matey, and 'ave yer grub," cried the kindly crew with one voice.

"You've 'ad a rare good caulk," said Tom encouragingly.

"Eh, eh, what?" asked Gawthrop. He blinked at the men and with a fallen jaw wagged his head from side to side.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"On board the 'Ampshire, sonny," said Tom. "Come, show a leg!"

"Humph," said Gawthrop, and he rolled a dry tongue against his teeth. "Am I asleep?"

"I'll lay odds you won't be in ten minutes," said Tom. "What's the game you're playin'?"

Gawthrop stared at him and rolled his eyes round the foc'sle. He saw fifteen grinning faces in the light from the scuttle above. Outside the open foc'sle door he beheld the foremast with its rail and the gear coiled on the pins.

"It's a ship," said Gawthrop. "It's obviously a ship!"

The men looked at each other.

"D'ye think he's a greenhorn?"

"Hocussed!"

"Shanghaied!"

The word shanghai fetched Gawthrop clean out of his dream. It hit him fair and square, and though it half-stunned him it woke him all the same.

"Where am I?"

"On the Hampshire, at sea," said all hands eagerly. They saw what had happened quicker than he did. For reasons which he did not yet understand they believed him a seaman, but they saw he had been shipped against his will.

"D'ye think it was Shanghai Smith as done it?"

"Ah," said Gawthrop; "why, where's Hunt?"

"D'ye mean your mate as come aboard wiv you?" asked Tom. "There 'e is, 'ard and fast asleep. Wake 'im up, chaps; I say, 'ere's a game!"

Gawthrop put a leg out and dropped on deck just as Tom got Hunt by the hair and gave it a yank that nearly raised his scalp, but did not wake him.

"Is this 'im?"

In the half-light Gawthrop saw a face which was the color of dark mahogany, and did not recognize his rival.

"No," he said. He did not know that Billy, with a professional ardor that did him credit, had colored Hunt and himself with walnut juice on their faces and hands till they appeared to have been tanned three skins deep.

And just as Gawthrop denied that he knew Hunt the bosun's whistle blew.

"You'd best come on deck. They're goin' to pick the watches," said Tom. And Gawthrop, still in a maze, followed the rest. When the fresh air blew on him his mind cleared as suddenly as if a fog had rolled up.

"By the Lord, I've been done," he said. And he knew it was Gardiner who had done him.

"All right," he said, "I'll get even. The Captain must put back; I'll pay him to do it."

His knowledge of the sea was limited. Though he was the citizen of a Republic he had been accustomed to deference. That was when he was Sibley Gawthrop. He was now a nameless man in dungaree trousers and a blue shirt, in a ship

bound for London with a fine, fair wind. He walked aft with the defiant yet shamed air of a man who has been at a fancy ball and finds himself surprised by daylight.

"I want to see the Captain," he said to the first man whom he met aft. It happened to be Jones, the second "greaser."

"That's him on the poop," said Jones, staring at him; "take a good look at him, you drunken swab. Why the blue blazes didn't you come on board before?"

"My good fellow," said Gawthrop haughtily, "there has been a mistake; I must be put on shore immediately."

"Oh," said Jones—"Oh, indeed! There has been a fatal error, has there? And I'm your good fellow, am I? Take that, you swine."

And what Gawthrop took caused him to sit down very suddenly on a hard teak deck.

"What's the matter, Mr. Jones?" asked the Captain, coming to the break of the poop.

"Nothing, sir, nothing," said Jones, foaming at the mouth, "only this ratty hoodlum isn't sober yet. I'll have him in my watch if Mr. Ladd hasn't any fancy for him."

"Sir," said Gawthrop, still in a sitting position, "I'm not a sailor and have been put on board against my will. My name's Gawthrop, Sibley Gawthrop, of Menlo Park. I'm well known in San Francisco."

"Dry up," said Jones. "Known to the police, I should say, and your name's either Fisher or Bates. And where's that other josser? I'll soon see if he's one of the same sort."

He shot forward and was presently seen emerging from the foc'sle holding the astounded Hunt by the nape of his neck. He ran him aft and discharged him like a catapult right among the men. He fell down alongside Gawthrop.

"Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones," said the Skipper mildly. But if he was going to remonstrate with Jones on his American methods the two hands who had caused the fuss put him off. For Hunt and Gawthrop, on recognizing each other, as they did now in spite of their high coloring, lost no time in speech, but went for each other without a word. They locked together and rolled headlong into the starboard scuppers. For though the ship was on an even keel with a fine northerly breeze the deck had a big camber to it. And Captain Singleton lost all his mildness at this outrageous insult to his high authority.

"Pull them apart," he roared, as Jones dived for Gawthrop's ankle and two of the crew got Hunt by the legs.

"What the devil does this mean?"

"It means he's had me shanghaied," said Hunt. "I know it."

"And you—oh, I'll kill you," spluttered Gawthrop.

"Send them both up here," said the Captain. He stared at them like a fury when they stood before him. No two harder-looking cases ever had an interview with the Skipper. For Gawthrop was bleeding from the nose and Hunt had lost all his shirt but the neckband. They glared at each other and Jones stood between them.

"Now then," said Singleton, "before I put you in irons I'd like to know what you mean by daring——"

It was paralyzing to both Gawthrop and Hunt even yet to be looked at as the Captain looked at them.

"It's a mistake, a dreadful mistake," said Hunt. "If you will put me ashore I'll give you five thousand dollars."

And the eager crowd on the main deck sniggered.

"Lord, 'e's very big in drink, ain't 'e?" said Tom. The Skipper frowned and shook his fist right against Hunt's face.

"You hound, don't joke with me. What's the man's name, Mr. Jones?"

"It's either Bates or Fisher," said Jones.

"No, my name's Hunt," cried Hunt. And one of the men on deck, an insinuating beggar who liked to curry favor with the powers, cried:

"His name's Fisher, sir; I've seed him often about the Front."

"It's not, it's not," said Hunt furiously; "I'm a man well known in San Francisco."

"Shut up," said Jones; "the other joskin said that."

"I won't shut up," roared Hunt, quite losing his temper; "I warn you all to put me ashore or I'll ruin the lot of you."

"Oh," said the Captain, "indeed; well, we'll see. Mr. Jones, you can have the one there—Bates, I think; Mr. Ladd, look after this sailorman with the five thousand dollars. Now, if there's another word comes out of either of you, or if you start fighting again, and I hear of it, I'll make the pair of you wish you'd died before you saw me."

And Jones shoved both of them down on the main deck. The two unfortunates recognized that their only chance, and that the faintest, lay in speaking together.

"But we're neither of us sailors, sir," they said piteously.

"This is where we manufacture sailors," said Captain Singleton, who was not without humor. "Mr. Jones, Mr. Ladd, you hear that. I hope they won't be able to say as much for themselves this day three months."

And the crew laughed as in duty bound. But Hunt and Gawthrop did not laugh.

"D'ye think there's any truth in what these two men said?" asked Captain Singleton of his mates.

"Likely enough, sir," replied Ladd; "aren't we out of San Francisco?"

"I certainly don't seem to remember their faces," said the Skipper, "but they'll have to do. Make what you can of them. If it's anyways true, it's no good letting on we think so."

"Certainly not, sir," said Ladd. "But what's their remedy?"

He knew perfectly well that there was no practical remedy against the ship. And Hunt and Gawthrop were well aware they had none against their friend Shanghai Smith, or against Gardiner.

They had no chance of speaking to each other till the second dog-watch, and then only in the presence of the whole crowd, who were very anxious to fathom the mystery. "They ain't sailormen, not they," growled the oldest man on board, who came from Brook Street, Shadwell, and was known as "Shadwell," though his real name was Shaw; "and a nice thing for hus. Two less to take the wheel. I calls it a bally shime."

He looked at Hunt with an air of unutterable contempt, and sniffed every time the man spoke. Gawthrop, who was younger and more elastic, sat on the other side of the foc'sle and presently addressed Hunt:

"I suppose we must make the best of it, Hunt."

"Don't speak to me, sir," said Hunt.

And the crew roared.

"Tell us 'ow it 'appened, do," said Tom. "Oh, ain't your friend 'aughty! Tell us, 'as 'e got that five thousand dollars?"

"Not on him," said Gawthrop.

"Look 'ere," said Tom, "if you'll tell us the troof, I'll stand you a drop of rum. I've a nip left, and this is a teetotal ship, this is."

He could not conceive any man refusing such a bribe. And Gawthrop, in spite of everything, could hardly help laughing at Hunt's face. He took the rum partly to have an excuse for telling the story. It was the wisest thing to be friends with every one, and after all, if he was out of the running for a time, so was Hunt.

"Well," said Gawthrop, "I and my cheerful friend over there are very good friends, indeed. But I wanted him out of San Francisco for a time, for reasons. And I got Shanghai Smith to arrange for it."

"*We* know him," said the crowd eagerly. "Oh, yes, we know him!"

"I stayed in 'is 'ouse."

"So did I."

"Shut up, and let him tell us."

And Hunt by now was all alone on the starboard side. Even old Shadwell came across to hear the yarn.

"Another friend of mine suggested it," said Gawthrop, "and fixed it up for me."

"That was Gardiner," said Hunt.

"It was," said Gawthrop, "and I paid a thousand dollars to have Mr. Hunt put here."

"That's what *I* paid to have you put here," said Hunt. "A friend of mine put me up to it."

"That was Gardiner," said Gawthrop.

"It was," said Hunt.

"And that's why we're both here," said Gawthrop, and his aspect was at once so melancholy and so comic that all hands shrieked with laughter. Old Shadwell creaked like the *cheep* of a block.

"But what's this hyer Gardiner to do with the show?" asked the only American in the crew. "It looks like as if he played the pair of you for suckers."

"You ain't told us hall," said Shadwell, with a gloomy air of suspicion. "I knows somethin' of life, and somethin' about woman. And there was a woman in this."

"Mr. Shadwell is right," said Gawthrop.

"I was to have taken her for a drive this morning," said Hunt, "and a pretty sort of man I shall look not turning up."

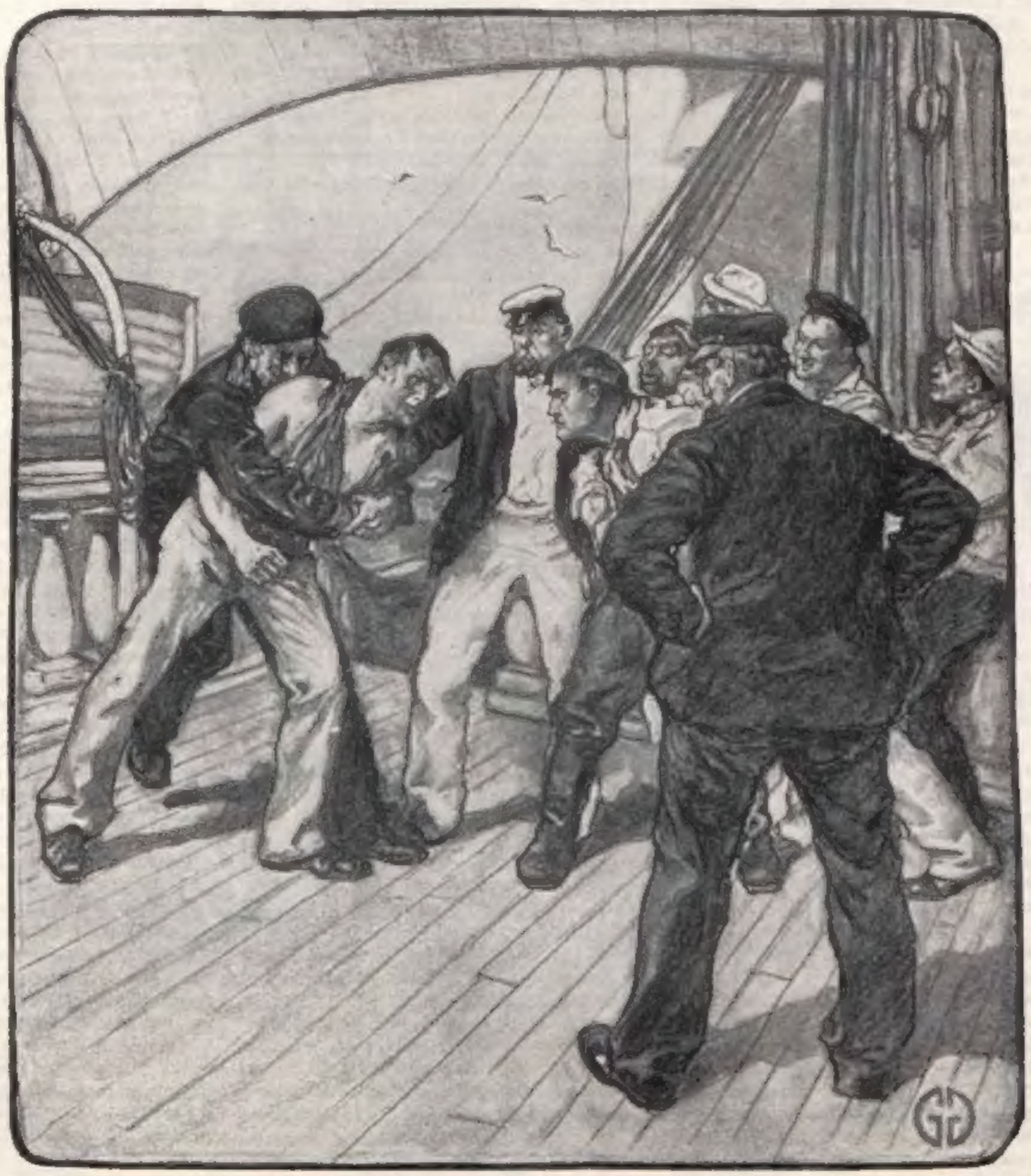
"Never mind," said Gawthrop, "I was to have taken her out this afternoon."

Old Shadwell nodded gloomily.

"What 'ave I often told you about 'em, mates?" he said. "This proves it. A woman's like a cat with nine lives and nine sorts of dispositions, and if she don't satisfy 'em with nine sort of men fools she ain't happy. I've known 'em as nine couldn't satisfy. And they're all the same; there's different nations of men, but women is all one nation. You can bet your boots, you two fellers, that your girl is out with some one else. This here v'yge will do yer good if it rams that into you."

He turned to the others.

(Continued on Page 22)



HUNT AND GAWTHROP, ON RECOGNIZING EACH OTHER, LOST NO TIME IN SPEECH

The Autobiography of a Beggar

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

Author of "By Bread Alone," Etc.

Meh Start in Life

WELL, old gent an' anterpolergist, ter go back in meh story a foot er two, I never runned away from meh home, sweet home; I jist natcherally quit, bein' a independent boy an' wantin' ter earn meh own livin' an' not support meh parents any more. I was fourteen den, very tall an' strong fer meh age, an' hungry; more hungry en tall, I guess.

De man what give meh a start in life was a blind "yeager" by de name ef Wily Will. I've seen all de beggars der is (includin' meh friend Foxy Basket), but dat blind man was de king ef 'em all in some ways. I ain't got no reason ter love him, but I give him credit; he knowed his bizness. He's dead ez a door-nail now, so de truth won't hurt him none, which is de big joy ef bein' dead. Peace ter his cinders! He was a short, thin, small, rather gray on de top kind ef a feller when I knowed him first, all bone an' muscle, wid a grip like a bulldorg's teeth. Bulldorg's teeth an' handcuffs has de two best grips ef anything on earth, an' I've had 'em all tried on meh.

Wily Will was de oddest beggar in de world, which yer will learn ez I go along. He jist kep' ter hisself, not 'cause he was proud er stuck-up (few beggars is), but jist 'cause he thought it was good fer bizness. Yer knows how most ef 'em is, livin' in a house tergither, an' tradin' secrets an' marks, er workin' wid a boss er a king; but Wily Will he jist went his own lonely way an' wouldn't speak ter eny ef 'em.

—AN' HE NEVER LET ME GIT LOOSE TILL I RUNNED AWAY FROM HIM

I seen him beggin' around when I started out on meh own hook, an' I axed him ef it wouldn't be a good idee fer meh ter lead him up an' down, an' he reached out an' nabbed meh by de wrist an' he never let me git loose till I runned away from him.

We lived in a shanty in de rear ef a shop on Quincy Street, an' de only furniture was newspapers on de wall, a bed on de floor, an' a stove where he done his cookin'. Fried eggs an' a bit ef bacon an' coffee was his favorite dish. Also he liked ter play de fiddle an' ter sing. Also he was a miser, which is a strange combination, an' comes later on. His perticler game was ter sell lead pencils.

De first day we went out he says ter meh, "Keep yer eyes open an' yer mouth shut. Don't talk none. I'll do all de talkin'. Yer mother is dead an' I'm yer father, an' dat's all yer needs ter rimimber ef it comes ter a pinch."

"But meh mother ain't dead," I says.

"I ain't takin' yer ter Sunday-school," says he, handin' meh a nice lick on de ear. "Hold yer tongue."

"Yer might change wrists," I said ater a bit.

"Git used ter it," he says.

He didn't beg on de streets none 'cause he said he had reg'ler customers in de stores an' it looked bad. We wint around from place ter place an' he got a nickel here an' a dime dere, an' oncet er twice a quarter.

He didn't talk none ter meh, only mumblin' to hisself agin bad bizness an' hard luck all de time. I kin tell yer afore dat mornin' was over I was dead tired ef meh job. I could hardly pull meh legs along, but when I lagged behint he gives meh a pinch an' says, "Yer leadin' meh; I ain't a-leadin' you." I was hungry, too, an' he wouldn't give meh nothin' ter eat, sayin' two meals a day was enuff fer a boy. He didn't drink none an' he kep' out ef saloons altergither, sayin', "Saloons is no good fer our line. Dey wants a dollar wuth ef fun an' time fer ivery cent dey gives up."

"Yer made a dollar an' ninety-five cints already dis mornin'," says I, countin' up; "ain't yer goin' home?"

"Keep still," he says; "de pencils cost meh a dollar."

"But dey didn't keep de pencils; yer got 'em yet."

"Ye little fool," he says, "don't I have ter sell de pencils afore I makes anything? An' how does yer know I took in a dollar an' ninety-five?"

"I counted up," I says.

"Yer ter mind yer own bizness," he says.

"Yer told meh ter keep meh eyes open," I said.

"An' yer mouth shut," he says, pinchin' meh arm.

De first place we went inter dat afternoon, de cove says ter him, "I don't berlieve in encouragin' beggars; but ef a man comes in ter sell somethin' I allus berlieves in buyin' what he's got."

"Dat's a good principul," says Wily.

"But yer pencils ain't no good at all," says de man; "de last ones what I bought had no lead in 'em."

"Well," says Wily, "yer knows how iverybody cheats a blind man. It's a shame. Dose pencils cost meh two cents an' a half apiece an' I sells 'em fer five. I'm sure dese new ones is all right."

"How much will yer give meh a dozen fer?" axes de man.

"Fifty cents," says Wily.

An' de man gives him de half, an' Wily says, "I see I only got eight. I'll leave de rest de next time I comes aroun'."

"I don't do bizness dat way," says de cove.

"Come ter think," says Wily, "de boy has got a package in his pocket."

"I ain't," I pipes out.

"Yer fergot," he says; "I put 'em in yer coat dis mornin';" an' he slips his hand in meh pocket an' sure enuff he pulls out de pencils.

An' when we gits outside he says ter meh, "I got a notion ter take yer in de alley an' wallop de life out ef yer. Didn't I say ter keep yer mouth shut? Yer nearly cost meh a half-dollar."

"But de pencils come ter most a quarter," I says, "an' ——"

"Shut up," he roars; "yer too smart; I've a mind ter let yer go."

"I wish yer would," I says; "I'd start in de pencil bizness fer mehself."

"I'll pencil bizness yer when we gits home," says he. An' he starts in an' cusses dat cove fer keepin' de pencils, callin' him de puttiest names what ever I heard fer cheatin' a blind man. He was crazy 'bout dose pencils; it seemed ter hurt him more en ter lose money. I never seed de like, fer dey didn't cost no more en two fer a cent. An' I says ter him ater a bit:

"Is yer goin' ter bring de cove de new pencils in de mornin'?"

"I ain't crazy," he says.

"But you'll lose a good customer," I says.

"I ain't lookin' fer customers," he says; "any fool kin sell things."

"I know," I says, "but——"

"Yer knows nothin' at all," he says; "not even enuff ter hold yer tongue." An' all de way home dat night he kept cussin' an' mumblin' agin people what wanted somethin' fer dere money. "Dey kill de beggar bizness," he says; an' like de little fool I was I pipes up an' axes:

"Why don't yer quit sellin' things an' jist beg, den?" An' dat rimark cost meh a crack on de ear.

In de night fer supper he gives meh a hunk ef bread, an' he says ez he would give meh a fried egg an' a piece ef bacon, which he cooked fer hisself, only it was meh fault dat he lost dose dozen pencils. Den he gits out a book an' writes down de names an' de numbers ef de peepul an' what dey gives him, an' I watches him close an' says:

"Don't fergit de man what kep' de pencils."

"You undress an' go ter bed," he says, sharp.

An' I undresses, not thinkin' ef what was ter come, an' what does he do but take meh clothes an' search meh pockets. De dime an' de nickel what I managed ter steal on him rolls on de floor, an' he seen em jist ez ef he had eyes. "Yer rascul!" he yells, "stealin' from meh! I'll learn yer!"

"I had de dime an' de nickel afore I come ter yer," I says.

"Den yer should have given 'em ter meh,' he growls; "boys ain't got no bizness wid money, anyways." I'd ruther not write down how he tried ter separate meh skin from meh bones. "Now yer turn over on yer side an' go ter sleep," he says when he was thru whalin' meh.

Den he takes his fiddle an' plays an' sings, an' I pretends ter sleep, but I didn't, fer I wanted ter see where he put de coin what he took in dat day. Along ten o'clock he puts de fiddle away an' ties meh clothes up in a bundle an' puts 'em under his bed, so I seen dere was no chanct ter run away. Den he moves de bed a bit an' lifts a plank out ef de floor, an' he takes out a bag ef money (a whole bag ef it; I hope ter die ef it ain't so, Mr. Anterpolergist) an' he counts it, an' plays wid it, an' sings ter it, an' talks ter it, like ez ef dat coin was kids. Den he ties it up agin an' puts it back under de bed agin. I 'spose he had de notion dat ef he slept over de coin it would hatch de same ez ef it was eggs. Den he mumbled some more ter hisself 'bout de cove what kept de dozen pencils an' he went ter sleep.

—AN' SINGS TER IT, AN' TALKS TER IT, LIKE EZ EF DAT COIN WAS KIDS

De next mornin' I made up meh mind ter keep meh eyes wide open, an' run away de first chanct I got, 'cause he fed me worst den I could feed mehself by playin' basket, which means de same ez playin' door-mat, er beggin' fer food at kitchen doors. 'Sides, I seen der was no chanct ef gittin' de bag ef coin, seein' he slept over it an' meh clothes too. I was a-dyin' ter ax him how much coin der was in de bag.

On de way downtown he says ter meh, "Yer go an' get dem pencils back. Tell de cove dat yer father made a mistaké an' give him de wrong ones, an' dat he'll come round dis afternoon an' give him a dozen new ones in deir place. I'll wait fer yer right by de outside door, an' ef yer brings 'em back I'll give yer two fried eggs an' a slice ef bacon fer yer supper; an' ef yer don't I'll wallop yer."

So I goes inter de cove an' tells him what Wily says, an' he laffs an' gives meh de pencils, takin' 'em out ef his drawer. An' I seen de chanct I was a-lookin' fer, an' 'stead ef goin' out de front door I steals out thru de back an' leaves Mr. Wily a-waitin'. I bet he swore some.

I begged on de street a bit dat day, bein' hungry, an' oncet I got a dime, but a cop seed meh an' he says ter meh ef he catches meh agin he'd pull meh in, an' I got skeered. Why is it I was so young an' green den?

In de afternoon I reaches in meh pocket an' feels de dozen pencils, which I clean fergot; an' idee strikes meh, an' I walks back to de cove's place, thinkin' ez maybe I could giv' him de pencils back an' work him fer a dime. An' I no sooner pokes meh little blond head in de door den de cove yells, "Dere's yer boy now!" An' Mr. Wily, who was standin' dere, makes a spring fer meh, an' I runned lickety split down de street, never turnin' ter look. I have been skeered often in meh life, most enuff ter git used ter it, but dat was de wust skeer a man could have. But dat was de last time Mr. Wily ever got in de same block wid meh. Awful smart feller, Wily; yer see, he figured out dat I would come back ter sell de cove dat dozen pencils, an' he must have been waitin' dere all day ter grab meh. I guess dose pencils worried him until de daisies turned away from his toes.

GITTIN' ALONG IN DE WORLD

WHOOP! Mr. Anterpolergist, ef it's all de same ter you I'd like ter skip de time when I jined a gang ef kids what made it deir trade ter break inter empty houses fer de sake ef cuttin' out de lead pipes. It wasn't no lead-pipe cinch, as I found out aterwards when de fly cops grabbed meh an' dey sent meh to de riform school fer three years. I made up meh mind den an' dere dat I'd quit stealin', riform, leave dese git-rich-quick schemes alone, an' earn a honest livin' by beggin'. Beggin' is a heap slower, but it's surer.

When I came ter Chicago agin, riformed but still happy, I made direct fer "De Star Ef Hope," a dime lodgin'-house on Union Street, which is de winter haven ef rest an' plenty fer hobos an' "yeagers." I made de acquaintance ef Sam de Scribe dere, an' I kin say dat meh fortin' was fixed from dat day on. Sam was makin'

SAM DE SCRIBE COME TO MEH AN' SAYS: "MOLLBUZZER, I GOT A SCHEME"

Editor's Note—This is the second story in the series. The third will appear in a fortnight.

it his bizness den ter write letters an' ter surply infermation. He kept reg'lar books in which was writ all de names ef de ensy marks in Chicago. His book was big ez de Chicago directery almost. He charged yer ten cents fer givin' yer de name ef a house where yer could git clothes, an' from ten cents up ter fifty fer de name an' number where yer could git money. Pay was allus in adwance. Sam got us goin' an' comin', fer ef de clothes we brung back was good, he bought 'em back from us agin an' sold 'em oncet agin. I used ter wonder what he done wid all his money.

One day I started out from "De Star Ef Hope" wid anudder feller what we called Shirtless Sam, an' we didn't git very far afore we seen a plumber comin' out ef a saloon, wid a bag ef tools, drunk ez a bottle ef rum.

"Seein' plumbin' tools an' lead pipes," I says ter Sam, "make me feel kinder ter home. I used ter be in de plumbin' line fer a short time mehself."

An' thinkin' maybe I could git de tools away from de plumber, him not bein' in de condition ter use 'em anyways, I starts ter speak ter him an' he axes us ter come in an' have a drink, which we done. An' he takes out a paper wid a name an' a address on an' he says, "I got ter go ter dis house an' fix a leakin' water pipe, but I ain't a-goin' ter fix no water ter day, not meh!"

So I takes de paper way from him when he puts it in his pocket, an' Sam he grabs de tools an' runs an' I ater him.

When we got inter de alley, Shirtless Sam says ter meh, "We kin take dese tools ter Sam de Scribe an' sell 'em."

"Ater fixin' de pipes fer de lady," I says, fer de thought ef lead pipes kind ef made meh homesick, an' I was timpted agin.

"But yer ain't no plumber," says Shirtless Sam.

"Yer jist come along an' watch meh an' see," I says.

So we went to de name an' de number, an' de gurl, which was a Swede, comes to de door an' axes us why we wus so late, growlin' 'bout de water leakin' thru de house an' spoilin' de carpits.

"Don't yer worry none," I says; "meh an' dis gent here'll fix it quicker en yer kin wink yer eye." An' den I tells her de boss said ez we was ter collict de bill in adwance.

"De missus is out," she says; "she jist had ter go down-town fer a bit, an' I don't know what ter do!"

"Well," says I, "de missus bein' out" (which is what I wanted ter know), "yer kin fix de bill wid de boss aterwards!" An' she shows us inter de parler where de leak was, an' says it must come from de bathroom.

Sam an' meh shins up to de bathroom an' I says ter him, closin' de door tight, "Sam, dis is a cinch, de missus bein' out an' dis lead pipe bein' wuth a couple a inch easy!"

"What yer goin' ter do?" he says. "Cut de pipes out an' flood de house out? We'll be sint over sure!"

"I knows meh bizness, I guess," I answers. "Now you keep busy downstairs an' leave meh an' dese pipes alone fer a while." An' I goes downstairs in de basement fer ter find de place ter turn de water orff, but I couldn't find de place an' de Swede gurl didn't know where de water pipe was, an' bein' in a big hurry I says, "Well, we kin let it go jist ez well ez not."

When I come up to de bathroom agin I finds Sam a-cuttin' a hole thru de floor big enuff ter put de bathtub in.

"What are yer doin'?" I yells.

"It's de only way fer ter find de leak!" he says.

"Yer kin leave de plumbin' part ter meh," I says, "an' go down in de parler an' look out fer de missus."

"All right," says he, grabbin' a hammer an' a saw an' a chisel, "I'll take dese ter make a bluff at bein' busy."

An' while I was cuttin' two wood plugs ter stuff in de ends ef de pipes what I intended ter cut out, I hears a terruble noise from de parler, an' Sam he yells up, "Oh, Mollbuzzer, come down quick; de ceilin' is cavin' in, an' I can't find de leak!"

I kites down de stairs a skeert out ef meh wits, an' sure enuff dere was a hole in de parler wall big enuff ter put de bathtub in, an' de water was a-comin' out like from a summer fountain; fer Sam must 'a' cut a hole thru de pipe! An' de Swede gurl was a-sittin' on a chair, rockin' herself up an' down, an' a-hidin' her head in her apron like she was goin' crazy.

"Who toled yer ter do dat!" I hollers. "Didn't I say ter leave de plumbin' ter meh? Does yer want de whole house ter come down?"

"Well, Mollbuzzer," he whispers, "de Swede gurl was a-standin' around an' lookin' an' I had ter do somethin' fer a bluff!"

"Fer Heaven's sake don' touch it agin," I says, an' I climbs up de ladder he had dere, an' I puts meh head in de hole ter look aroun', an' all de time dere was a little river flowin' northwest by southeast thru de parler. It made meh turn pale, I kin tell yer.

"Dere ain't much time ter monkey, Sam," I says, thinkin' about de nice lead waitin' upstairs. "Jist yer hand meh a couple ef dem rugs on de floor an' I'll stuff 'em in here ez best I kin."

An' when he grabbed de rugs de Swede gurl come ter herself, an' she lets out a most fierce yell, grabbin' Sam by de arm ter git de rugs from him. "Meh Heavens!" she screams, "what is youse goin' ter do! De house is ruined now! O Lord, what'll I do? I wish missus was back, I do. It'll take a week fer ter git dis parler back inter shape!"

"No it won't, neither," says Sam, pullin' de rugs away from her an' handin' 'em ter meh, "yer kin turn de hose on, light de stove an' use de broom, an' dry it out in less en no time!"

"Wimens makes meh nervous when I'm workin'," I says to de gurl. "Now yer jist run out ef here. I knows meh bizness when it comes ter plumbin', I guess."

"I ain't goin' out, neither; I'm goin' ter stay right here an' see what yer doin'," she says.

An' jist den de water breaks out like from a fire-engine hose an' dose rugs falls out on de floor an' I gets wet to de skin, an' de Swede gurl hollers like a ijiot.

"Dere, yer see what yer done!" I yells, flyin' orff de ladder, "'count ef yer wimen's ways ef standin' around here. Go an' git a candle, fer dat pipe broke in anudder place an' I must find it. Run fer yer life er de whole ceilin' 'ill be down in a minute!"

—AN' DE WATER WAS A-COMIN' OUT LIKE FROM A SUMMER FOUNTAIN

"Sam," I says when she was gone, "we're in a lively fix. Dis job is wuth two years apiece now, an' it'll be worth more every minute. Dere ain't nothin' ter do but ter saw orff de legs from dat gold chair an' stuff 'em in de pipe."

"Yer had better put de rugs back, Mollbuzzer," he says, lightin' his pipe an' puttin' his feet on top de marbul table like ez ef dere wasn't nothin' de matter.

"I'm wet enough," I says; "you kin do it. It's yer fault, anyways!"

"No use ef both ef us gettin' wet," he says, sittin' calm an' smokin' an' leavin meh ter saw de legs ef de chair orff.

Den de Swede gurl, not findin' de candle in de kitchen, goes up ter de bathroom fer it, an' when she seed what we done up dere she screams like a whole insane 'sylum.

"Shin upstairs, Foxy," I says, "an' lock de gurl in de bathroom, fer I'm afreerd she'll make trouble fer us!"

An' I climbed up on de ladder agin, feelin' wet an' mad, ter plug de pipe wid de chair legs an' ter put de rugs an' two soffee pillers in de hole. De leak stops den, but dat Swede begins ter scream agin an' ter pound de door ef de bathroom.

"Sam," I yells, goin' inter de hall an' callin' up, "de leak is stopped an' de gurl is locked up, so I guess it's a good time ter fly de coop!"

"But de pipes an' de plumbin' tools is locked up wid de gurl an' where is we goin' ter be ahead?" he axes.

"We'll have ter go, anyways," I says; "it's gettin' dangerous. Maybe we kin take a couple ef coats ter make up fer our loss ef time an' trouble!"

"I tell yer what yer kin do, Mollbuzzer," he says, "cut a hole thru de parler wall an' we kin pull de tools thru de hole."

"I ain't a-goin' ter do no sich thing," I says.

"If you don't I will," he says, a-startin' down; "a few more feet ef hole ain't a-goin' ter make no differunce, an' dose tools is ourn, anyways. Why fer should we leave 'em here?"

An' afore I could stop Sam he climbs up de ladder agin, jerks de rugs out an' begins ter hammer an' chisel thru de plaster an' de slats.

"Yer crazy," I yells, a-tryin' ter stop him.

"I ain't, neither," he answers; "I kin put meh head thru already!"

"De Swede gurl'll ketch yer by de neck an' choke yer ter death!" I says.

"An' sure enuff, jist ez I said, de Swede gurl sticks her foot thru de hole which Sam made an' gives him a kick what sent him tumblin' orff de ladder. "Oh, Mollbuzzer, I'm dead!" he yells, "I'm dead!" An' so he would 'a' been ef I didn't ketch him.

"Dose Swede gurls is terruble," he says, sittin' down an' feelin' ef his head. "I'm never goin' in a house agin where a Swede gurl is!"

"Got enuff?" I axes.

"We kin cut down de whole wall," he says, "an' let de Swede gurl an' de tools an' all come thru!"

"Dere's de missus!" I says, hearin' de bell ring; "I guess dere won't be time!"

"I guess not," he says; an' we went out by de back door, meh freezin' ter death wid de cold an' de wet an' him cussin' all de time 'cause I didn't do as he wanted an' sell dose tools ter Sam de Scribe. I guess he was right.

GITTIN' EVEN WID DE WORLD

I STAYED in "De Star Ef Hope" up till January de first, which was de day when Sam de Scribe come ter meh an' says, "Mollbuzzer, I got a scheme. I want ter be de J. Pierpont Morgan ef de beggar world. We kin make a trust ez easy ez not, an' I'll be prisident an' yer kin be secretary. Morgan's got everything else an' I guess he won't bother 'bout us none. Ef he does I kin squeeze him inter a corner. It might be a good idee," he says wid a wise wink, "ter take Morgan in, ef he behaves hisself."

"Quit yer jokin', Sam," I says; "what's up?"

"Well," says Sam, "de cops has got dis joint spotted pretty clost an' I think we better move out an' rint a place ef our own. I knows a whole house near Fulton Street what we kin rint fer twenty dollars a month. We kin take de best "yeagers" in de town wid us, an' ef we work things proper we kin run all de rest ef 'em out, er make 'em work fer us!" I said ez I was willin', an' de next day Sam picked his men, which was about a dozen, an' we went over near ter Fulton Street ter live. De house wasn't much ter brag about inside ner outside, an' all we put in it was ourselves an' heaps ef rags an' newspapers fer beds.

Our earnings was mighty good, fer Sam said he wouldn't have no beggar in de place what couldn't bring in two dollars a day, an' he made 'em all work an' contribute der share to de treasury. Ef yer wants ter know what Sam done to de treasury yer'll have ter ask him, 'cause he never tole meh.

De twelve ef us jist took what part ef de town we wanted, an' ef we caught any other beggar on our quarters we jist made him join us er git out. Dey howled first, but dey soon found out it was cheaper ter come in, 'cause we follered 'em aroun' an' made sich trouble fer 'em dat dey got sick. Afore de winter was over we had twenty-five in de house, an' we was collectin' from ten to twenty-five cents a week from ez many more.

Den Sam de Scribe he got de swell head an' changed his name ter Samuel de Cadger King; which made trouble. I warned him, but he wouldn't listen, sayin' he was goin' ter be king er nothin'.

Sam invented a system ef signs which we used ter mark on de houses. De sign ef a cross dog was ×; fer a cross dog an' a cross woman it was ✱; fer a kind lady it was ⊖; fer food an' clothes it was ⊕; fer money it was ◘. An' so we had signs fer most everything, which saved a heap ef time an' trouble. But Hungry Henry an' one or two more ef 'em got mad at Sam fer puttin' on airs an' playin' king, an' dey left de house an' went aroun' de town changin' our signs, an' I nearly lost meh leg by goin' inter a house marked wid de money sign an' findin' a lively bulldorg in de back yard.

The Stock Exchange from the Inside

A DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW EXCHANGE—WHERE THE ASSOCIATION GETS THE MONEY FOR THE HUGE EXPENDITURES—THE RIGID CENSORSHIP OF ITS PRIVATE AFFAIRS

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

By S. Mac Reynolds

Author of The Blowing of an Oil Bubble, The Home of Trusts, etc.

LIKE the famed temple of Athene, dispenser of fortune to the Greeks, the New York Stock Exchange is an oblong structure, consisting chiefly of a great masonic canopy, supported by a peristyle of majestic marble columns (pilasters on the two sides, where walled in by abutting structures) and in front adorned by a massive pediment, in which, carved in bas-relief, is an allegorical group symbolic of the ideals of its builders. Viewed from the façade, this classical resemblance is emphasized by what may be deemed the most remarkable feature of the edifice. It will be recalled that the temples of Attica were without walls, being built simply of foundation, upright columns and roof, affording no protection from the elements, save from above. The rigorous climate and the necessity for greater seclusion would, of course, render such a scheme impracticable in New York, but another exigency, equally urgent amid skyscrapers, viz., abundance of light, has led to an almost exact reproduction of the classic model. Wall there will be none, but an unbroken expanse of plate glass, rising fifty-two feet to the full height of the great Corinthian columns and extending across the entire width of the building one hundred and twelve feet, will afford both light and shelter to the interior. And the architectural effect of the transparent front is as if the Pantheon had been transplanted from Attica to Manhattan, save that instead of Zeus, in his golden raiment, with his court, will stand posts and standards to the modern deities: St. Paul, MoP, The Coalers, Steel, Coppers and a numerous band of others.

Never did the great builders of more leisurely civilizations display more prodigality in gratifying the supposed whims of their deities than has the committee in charge of the appointments of the new Exchange. On the floor of the board-room, where trading is conducted, are five hundred telephones, and terminals for thirty different systems of pneumatic tube service. Three and one-half miles of ventilator pipes permeate the building. On the east wall of the board-room is a glass annunciator or bulletin-board checkered into twelve hundred colored squares, one for each member of the Exchange. The lighting of a green incandescent in any member's square indicates that he is wanted at the Broad Street entrance, and the burning of a red bulb apprises him of a telephone call. By these and numberless other devices, which only showers of gold could command, the magic palace produced by the fabled Aladdin is, in strict verity, put to shame.

The World Building, which when built was deemed by many to be one of the wonders of the world, cost $1,125,000. But the cost of construction has cheapened since then and the Tract Society Building, twenty stories in height and more elegant in its appointments, was completed for $900,000.

Yet the new Stock Exchange, the equivalent of only five stories in height, cost in excess of $3,000,000, and is perhaps the most beautiful edifice of the sort in the world.

But whence came this wealth so profusely and lavishly spent? Did the members of the Exchange each contribute their quota of the amount for the sake of having more commodious quarters in which to transact their business? Or as popularly supposed, did the dues of members accumulate in the treasury from year to year until the $3,000,000 was available?

If neither, then what individual undertook the financial responsibility for a contract involving such a sum? The Stock Exchange as a whole could not be held responsible, for the Stock Exchange is merely a voluntary association or society without a charter and legally unaccountable for contractual obligations.

These questions may be answered negatively by saying that none of the members furnished the capital for building the structure; neither do the members of the Exchange pay any dues from which such a fund might be derived; nor did the Exchange either as a body or in the person of any of its members stand responsible for the contracted sum. To reply affirmatively to these self-propounded queries and others which might occur to the thoughtful, it will be necessary to go into the organization and maintenance of the institution more fully, though the secrets there involved have been most sedulously guarded.

The organization named in its by-laws, The New York Stock Exchange, is limited to a membership of twelve hundred for the convenient dispatch of business on the floor by all who desire to attend. This business is chiefly buying and selling stocks and bonds for outside clients, and members are permitted to charge a commission of one-eighth of one per cent. on the par value of every transaction. The demand for their services is so great that an average of probably $200,000 a day or $70,000,000 a year is distributed among the members in commissions. As one must be a member, or in the parlance of the street, "have a seat" on the Exchange, to share in this golden flood, "seats" are worth from $65,000 to $75,000.

Yet the organization derives no income from the sale of seats, all original seats having long been sold, though any member is at liberty to sell or bequeath his seat to any one acceptable to the Membership Committee.

The Autocratic Powers of the Committee

From the beginning of history, when the masses struggled with the few for power, the rich consistently favored the concentration of authority and strict, rigid discipline among the governed—not so much out of any desire to monopolize authority themselves, but because they, accustomed to heavy responsibilities, realized more clearly than their fellows the advantages of concentration and the waste and delay of bickering. The Exchange is an organization of the classes *par excellence*, and in it we find their principles of government ideally exemplified. Twelve men, elected annually and known as the Governing Committee, are, during their term of office, absolute in their power, and from their decisions there is no appeal; no, not even to the courts. A resort to the courts, where the secrets of the organization might be divulged and the authority of its officers curtailed, is punished with the greatest penalty within their power to inflict. Article XVII, section 3, of the by-laws reads thus:

> *Legal Interference with Officers or Committees.*
>
> Sec. 3. Any member of the New York Stock Exchange who, or whose partner or partners, shall apply for an injunction, or legal instrument, restraining any officer or committee of the Exchange from performing his or its duties under the Constitution, shall, by that act, cease to be a member of the Association.

It is somewhat doubtful now, since the Gates pool executed their famous corner in corn in the Chicago Board of Trade and the court decided that it was unlawful for an organization to prohibit to its members the use of the courts of justice, whether this article of the by-laws could be enforced; but since the forfeiture of a seat spells the loss of something like $75,000, no member has yet developed sufficient curiosity to test its legality.

One of the anomalous functions which the members of this strange society have assumed is that of insuring one another's lives. The plan is mutual, and, we might say, simple to the point of absurdity. Mortality tables are ignored as being the visionary theories of long-haired philosophers; the youth and the aged, the weak and the strong, are all, unless they be chronic invalids, insured for a like amount ($10,000) and pay the same premium—ten dollars on initiation and ten dollars on a member's death.

The surplus after these policies are paid goes into an investment fund, which, according to agreement, is to remain inviolate until it amounts to $1,000,000, when the proceeds will be devoted to the reduction of the death assessments. This fund, which was established in 1892 with $10,000, is said to be worth now approximately $25,000. The conduct of the insurance department is ridiculously unscientific, but it conduces to easy bookkeeping, and the members, viewing it as a benevolent enterprise anyway, are not critical.

There seems to be a quite general impression that the Exchange is supported by membership dues. This is erroneous. An initiation fee of $1000 and the insurance assessments mentioned above are the only obligations which a member owes the association. Not only has it been seen to that outsiders shall pay the expenses of the organization, but that they shall salary the officers and committeemen and rear them a palace of unexampled splendor withal. The money comes in three separate streams, whose sources are:

First. The railroad, industrial and banking corporations whose securities are traded in on the Exchange.

Second. The telegraph and cable companies holding exclusive franchises for the dissemination of the market reports.

Third. The holders of the local "ticker" privilege.

Before any stock or bond may be bought or sold on the floor of the Exchange the corporation issuing it must make application to the Committee on Listed Securities, which is appointed by, and subordinate to, the omnipotent Governing Committee. If the corporation is willing to submit to an investigation regarding its assets and liabilities and shall be found to have been in solvent existence for at least one year, and if its securities are estimated to be of sufficient importance in the financial world to add appreciably to the business of the Exchange, they are "listed" and may be openly sold in the board-room. If a corporation declines to make a statement of its financial condition, then its stocks are placed on the trading list as "unlisted securities," as the vernacular of the street paradoxically expresses it. An unlisted stock possesses all the nominal advantages of a listed stock, but is always viewed with suspicion by traders.

The sum paid by a corporation for the privilege of being permitted to have its securities dealt in by these brokers varies according to its capitalization. For every million dollars, par value, of securities admitted to the trading privilege, the Exchange exacts an annual fee of fifty dollars.

What the Privileges of the Exchange Cost

The Erie Railroad Company, for example, is capitalized at $290,000,000, of which $65,000,000 is preferred stock, $112,000,000 common stock, and $113,000,000 bonds of various issues and kinds. On the preferred stock at fifty dollars for each million the company pays an annual fee of $3250; on the common, $5600, and on the bonds, $5650, or a total of $14,500 annually. The United States Steel Corporation pays $50,900 for the listing of its stock. All told, the securities called on the floor of the Exchange aggregate in round numbers as follows:

Railroad stocks, $4,500,000,000; miscellaneous stocks, $3,500,000,000; railroad bonds, $5,000,000,000; miscellaneous bonds, $500,000,000; or a grand total of $13,500,000,000. At fifty dollars a million, this yields $675,000 each year for the support of the Exchange.

What amount the telegraph companies contribute for the privilege of reporting the market to outside towns is unknown save to the immediate parties to the contract. There is scarcely a city of importance between the two oceans, however, where some bucket-shop or brokerage house does not pay liberally for these reports, and it may be fairly assumed that the Exchange receives no inconsiderable percentage.

The "ticker," which has become well-nigh ubiquitous in the larger centres of population, is an ingenious contrivance which receives and prints telegraphic messages in plain English, instead of the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet From 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. thousands of these little animated machines throughout the East click off a record of the sales as fast as they are made. The company owning the ticker franchise rents them to brokers, restaurateurs and keepers of public resorts generally for from ten to twenty-five dollars a month each and divides the proceeds with the Exchange. These three sources of income—listed securities, telegraph and ticker franchises—are estimated to yield not less than $800,000 annually—a sum greater than the total revenue of any one of the States of New Hampshire, Delaware, Florida, Montana or Washington. And this is but a ninth part of the amount received by the members in commissions.

In mitigation of the apparent extravagance displayed by the Exchange in providing itself new quarters, it should be said that the money in the treasury was accumulating at such a tremendous rate and the current expenses were so insignificant—$5000 annually to the president, a similar amount to the secretary, a few hundred to certain members to attend occasional committee meetings, maintenance of building, stationery, and so on, comprised about all the demands on the institution—that it was a knotty problem how to spend the surplus. The majestic pile of Georgian marble which was finally decided on was a happy solution of a rare problem, and will ever stand a pride of the metropolis. Yet the deed to this magnificent structure, built with the revenues of the Exchange, is in the name of an outside corporation, the very existence of which is practically unknown even to the frequenters of Wall Street. This corporation received its charter at Albany in 1863, under the name of The New York Stock Exchange Building Company, and was created for the sole purpose of supplying a medium in which might vest the title to all real property owned by the Exchange. It is the Exchange's legal self, having a recognized standing before the law: an artificial person possessing all the rights of property and the courts; things which to the Stock Exchange, being unchartered, are denied.

Though not organized for profit, the Building Company is a stock company and in form resembles other corporations. It has an authorized capital of $150,000, divided into shares of the par value of $500. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of this stock has been issued and the remainder is held in the treasury. Its assets in January, 1902, were stated by the president to be $2,000,000, but with the accumulation of additional property and the construction of the new building, the real estate held in its name should be worth $5,000,000 and its stock $10,000 a share

Possibly there is another reason for this dual, me and myself, existence. There are occasions when it is quite desirable to have a legal status, and then there are times when even a stock exchange might wish to melt into airy nothingness, and it may have occurred to some wise head sometime that the institution would be more secure from harassing legislation if it possessed at once a tangible and an intangible form. A body for powers, a spirit for responsibilities; a husband to conduct the business and a wife to hold the property, as it were. Whether any such motive was responsible for this twin arrangement can only be conjectured, but it can hardly be doubted that an immense amount of annoyance has been escaped by it. The country legislator harbors a profound antipathy for stock operations of all kinds, and a State-given charter would have offered a most vulnerable point of attack

Why It Pays to "List" a Stock

A prominent Treasury official at Washington—Milton E. Aries, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury—in discussing the income of the Exchange, recently asked two very pertinent questions: "Why do the railroad companies consent to pay such enormous fees for the listing of their stocks? Does it add anything to their earnings that their stocks should be traded in on the Exchange?"

The first is a psychological question. It depends on who runs the road. Under the recent reorganization of one of the Western railroads a clause was inserted in the charter empowering the corporation to deal in its own and other securities. In other words, aside from the powers incidental to the railroad business, the directors are permitted to use the funds of the corporation for speculation on the Exchange.

Nothing is deplored more by the better element in the financial world than the all too common practice of directors of corporations using their inside knowledge of company affairs for speculative purposes. For such men, a ready market such as the Stock Exchange affords is necessary to the execution of their schemes, and they are quite willing that the company shall pay the listing charges.

This aspect, though important, should not be exaggerated, however, for at times the listing of a stock does add indirectly to the earnings of a company. As every bond merchant and promoter will testify, one of the most frequent questions asked by prospective purchasers of securities is, "Will it be listed on any exchange?" They will invest much more readily if assured of a quick market, where they can realize on their investments without a sacrifice if necessity demands. And so, as a corollary of this, it may be said that a corporation desiring additional capital can float its securities at a better price if it be known in advance that they will be listed on the Exchange.

And not infrequently underwriters, burdened with stocks that they have guaranteed to float, place them in the hands of investors through their brokers on the floor; and were it not for such facilities for reaching the investing public, worthy enterprises might suffer for want of capital.

But these are minor, yes, almost negligible, features of this institution. The real, bona-fide investor exerts but little influence on the stock market in New York. When interest rates for call loans fluctuate from two and one-half per cent. to one hundred and eighty-six per cent., as they have in the past three years, borrowers are not looking for two per cent. dividends for their profits. And when men pay vast premiums for a controlling interest in a corporation, it is not because they love responsibility or that they delight in the exercise of their executive faculties. The New York Stock Exchange is not primarily a market where people come to buy, but a table around which a nation gathers to play. It is the gaming instinct of the race found expression; the spirit of Raleigh and John Law and Human Nature, unsuppressed despite our Puritanic legislation. And if a coterie of bankers, by means of their long purses, drive the little man from the board, be it known that such are the terms of the wager. It is a game without a limit. The public plays and loses; ultimately, always loses, or the game would stop.

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By David Graham Phillips

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Arthur Gordon-Beauvais, Earl of Frothingham, after a most dispiriting reverse in New York, has decided to try his fortunes in Boston. His friend and adviser, Honoria Longview, had urged him to accept Mrs. Staunton's invitation to spend ten days at her house in Beacon Street. Acting on this advice he has there met the wealthy, if not the beautiful, Miss Cecilia Allerton, and the dashing Mrs. "Ridgie," Mrs. Staunton's daughter-in-law, together with a numerous company of the younger and, as Mrs. Staunton *mère* is inclined to think it, the fast set.

IX—Continued

THE Allertons were traditionally Chinese in their beliefs in the sacredness of the duty of obedience from children to parents, and the duty of despotic control by parents over children

They lived in one of the old houses in Mount Vernon Street—a traditional New England home for a substantial citizen There was no ostentation about them—the carriage in which they drove forth was deliberately ancient in style and in appointments, looked modest even among the very modest or, if you choose, "badly turned out," equipages of the Boston "aristocracy." Mr. Allerton's public expenditures—on an art gallery, in partial support of an orchestra and a hospital, in subscriptions to colleges, lectures, charities—were greater by ten thousand a year than his private expenditures. Cecilia had few clothes and, though they were of the very best, and were in good taste and style, they modestly asserted that in the Allerton conception of dress for a lady conspicuousness for inconspicuousness was the prime requirement. Mrs. Ridgie, who often complained that she "hated to live in a town where the best people didn't wear their best clothes every day," called Cecilia a "dowd"; but that was unjust, because Cecilia was most careful in her dress and adapted it admirably to her peculiar charms.

If Honoria had not forewarned Frothingham he would have been deceived by the modesty and frugality of the Allerton establishment. After New York, it seemed to him most un-American for people of great wealth to live thus obscurely. But, properly pointed by Honoria, he soon discovered that Allerton was indeed enormously rich. And he saw that he was favorably inclined to a titled son-in-law. But Cecilia

MRS. RIDGIE

"There's some mystery about her," he reflected. "She acts as if she were walking in her sleep. But if I could get her I'd do even better than if I'd taken a wife from among those nervous New Yorkers. She's meek and a stay-at-home. She'd not bother me a bit, and she and Evelyn would hit it off like twins. She's not exactly stupid, but she's something just as good. It doesn't matter whether one's wife is stupid or absent-minded—the effect's the same."

But he walked round and round the fence between her personality and the world in vain. He found no low place, no place where he could slip under, no knot-hole or crack even. They went down to Brookline together—he was more puzzled than ever by her attitude toward him that morning. She was less friendly, but also less forbidding. She seemed to him to be awaiting something—he suspected what. He tried to muster courage to put his destiny to the touch on the journey, but when the chances to lead up to it naturally offered, he refused—her expression was too strongly suggestive of a statue

Instead, he said: "What do you think about—away off there—wherever it is?"

"Think?" She smiled peculiarly. "I don't think—I feel."

"Feel what?"

She looked mocking. "Ah—that's my secret. You would stay where I do if it made you as happy as it makes me."

"You're mysterious," he drawled. "I'm a blockhead at riddles and all that."

But she did not assist him. Mrs. Ridgie herself was waiting for them in a two-seated trap with a pair of exceedingly restless thoroughbreds. Half-way to the house they shied at an automobile and started to run. She got them under control after a struggle and glanced round at Frothingham for approval—he looked calm and seemed unconscious that anything disturbing had happened. "Ridgie told me not to take this pair out," she said. "But I make it a rule never to obey an order from him. In that way we get on beautifully. He loves to give orders—and I never object. I love to disobey orders—and he never objects."

The Ridgie Stauntons lived in what seemed to Frothingham little more than an exalted farmhouse, though it was regarded in that neighborhood as a sinful flaunting of luxury, the worst of Mrs. Ridgie's many sins of ostentation and extravagance. These were endured because she was married to a Staunton and because she was from New York, and therefore could not be expected to know what was vulgar and what well bred. But Frothingham was more comfortable than he had been since the day before he left Lake-in-the-Wood. Mrs. Ridgie would live in free-and-easy fashion—one could smoke all through the house; there were drinks and plenty of good cigars and cigarettes available at all times; and the talk was

the unpretentious gossip and slang of fast sets everywhere—intelligent people intelligently frivolous.

Frothingham thought Ridgie Staunton "a harmless sort, a bit loud and noisy," but well meaning and good enough except when he had his occasional brief spasmodic fits of remembering his early training and feeling that his mode of life was all wrong. He was, in his wife's opinion, a perfect husband, except that he hung about so much

"What do your English women do with their husbands, Lord Frothingham?" she said. "It's a horrible nuisance, having a man—a husband—round all day long with nothing to do. I try to drive Ridgie out to work. But he's a lazy dog. He goes a few steps and then comes slinking back. I'm opposed to a leisure class—of men

"And you said only yesterday," complained Ridgie, "that Englishmen make better lovers than Americans because they have leisure and the sense of leisure, while Americans are forever looking at watches and clocks."

"Did I? But that was yesterday," retorted his wife. "Besides, I said lovers—not husbands. Give me an English lover, but a hard-working, stay-away-from-home American husband"

Do you wonder that I watch a wife who talks like that?" said Ridgie cheerfully.

Frothingham and Cecilia rode the next morning. Getting away from the staid old house in Mount Vernon Street seemed to have revived and cheered her. There was color in her cheeks, life in her eyes, and she showed by laughing and talking a great deal that she was interested in the earth for a moment at least. Ridgie had given Frothingham a difficult horse, but as he rode well he succeeded in carrying on a reasonably consecutive conversation with Cecilia. She asked him many questions about country life in England and drew him on to tell her much of his own mode of living And he ended with, "Altogether, I'd be quite cheerful and happy if I were properly established

Cecilia became instantly silent and cold—and again he had the feeling that she was expecting something to happen.

"What the place needs," he went on boldly, "what I need, is—a woman—such a woman as you."

His horse reared, leaped in the air, tried to bolt. It was fully a minute before he got it under control. "Nasty brute," he said, re-settling his eyeglass and turning his face toward her again. He thrilled with hope. "Is there a chance for me?" he asked. "I have not spoken to your father—that isn't the American way, is it? And I shan't trouble you with a lot of—of the usual sort of talk—until I know whether it's welcome. You're not the sort of girl a man ventures far with unless he's jolly sure he knows where he's going"

"Thank you," she said simply. "I shall be frank with you. My father wishes me to marry you. If his will were not stronger than mine I shouldn't think of it. It is only fair to tell you why." She was looking at him tranquilly. "I loved a man—loved him well enough to have, where he was concerned, a stronger will than my father. But he died. I love him still. I shall always love him. When my father told me that he wished me to marry you, I asked my lover—and he—said that I ought to obey. He has been urging me to marry—except occasionally—ever since he died."

Frothingham stared at her in utter amazement. "Do you mind——" he began, but again his horse tried to throw him When he got it under control he saw that she was much amused—apparently at him. She laid her hand on his horse's neck and said, "Please, Stanley, don't!" in a curiously tender tone. The horse instantly became quiet

"You were saying?" she asked.

"Do you mind if I admit that—— Really, I'm not sure that I heard you aright a few minutes ago."

"You mean when I spoke of talking to Stanley after he was dead?"

"THE WOMAN'S A FRAUD—A——" HE BEGAN

'Stanley——" Frothingham regarded her quizzically. "Is this horse named after—him?"

"No—I don't know what the horse's name is. The reason it was so restless was that Stanley was teasing him to make him a little troublesome for you."

Frothingham paled and looked around nervously

"The second night after he died," she went on, a far-away look in her eyes, "he came to me in a dream. He assured me that he was happy and that I must be so, too, and that he would always be with me, nearer, in more perfect communion, than if he had remained alive. It was just when Doctor Yarrow was beginning his experiments to establish communication with the other world. Stanley and I had been most interested. And when he appeared to me after his death he explained that he had been able, through the intensity of his love for me, to pierce the barrier and bring his soul and my soul face to face."

Frothingham showed that he was profoundly moved "When I was a little chap," he said in a low voice, "I ran straight into the ghost of an ancestor of mine—old Guy de Beauvais, who has paced a hall in the east wing of Beauvais House the night before the head of the house dies, for hundreds of years. They laughed me out of it, but, by gad, I knew I saw him—and my grandfather was thrown from his horse and killed the next day. I pretend not to believe in that sort of thing, but I do—all we English do."

"Nothing could be more certain," said Cecilia, radiant at this prompt acceptance of what she expected him to try to laugh her out of. "I have told no one—I shouldn't have told you if it hadn't seemed the only course I could honestly take."

"Can you see him now?" asked Frothingham in an awe-stricken voice.

"No—I *see* him only in dreams—and sometimes when I go to Mrs. Ramsay. But we talk together at any time. You noticed how he stopped teasing the horse?

The horse was, indeed, perfectly quiet. Frothingham nodded. His habitual look of vacancy and satire had given place to earnestness and intense interest. "And does he wish you to marry?" he asked.

"Yes—he has said it, and he has written it—in one of the first letters he sent me through Mrs. Ramsay. I've only asked him verbally about you, and he consents and approves. I'll take you to Mrs. Ramsay and we'll get his written permission"

"But why does he consent?" asked Frothingham. "Is there no—no jealousy—there?"

"Jealousy? Impossible! Don't you see, he can look into my soul—he knows that I am his. And all the interest he has in this gross mortal life of mine is that it shall be honorable and that I shall do my duty as a daughter and as a woman"

Frothingham said no more. He was overwhelmed with a sense of the imminence of the unseen world—that world with which his nurses, bred in the legends and superstitions of England, and his similarly trained companions at school, at the university and ever since, had made him familiar. It was a shock, but nothing incredible to him, this revelation of a daily and hourly commerce with that other world of which, he was certain from his own childhood experience, every one had glimpses now and then. From time to time he looked at Cecilia, now returned to her wonted expression of abstraction. She seemed the very person to have such an experience. He was filled with awe of her; he was fascinated by her; he began to feel the first, faint, vague stirrings of a jealousy which he dared not express even to himself lest the spirit eyes of Cecilia's lover should peer into his soul, and see, and punish.

X

AT DINNER that night Willie Kennefick, who was staying in the house, began to tell his experiences in New York—he had just come from a little visit there. "The woman I took in to dinner," said he, "gave me a solar plexus while I was busy with the oysters. She said to me, 'I went to see such a wonderful man to-day. He told me the most astonishing things about my past and future, and he sold me a little wax image that I'm going to burn for my gout.' 'What!' said I. 'For my gout,' said she. 'I have to burn it slowly, and when it's consumed my gout will be gone.. I got it *so* cheap! Only twenty-five dollars.'"

"And what did you say, Willie?" asked Mrs. Thayer.

"I said, 'Cheap? It was a shame to cheat the poor devil in that fashion.' And she said, 'Wasn't it a bargain? He wanted a hundred, but I brought him down'"

"You must have been keeping queer company in New York," said Henrietta Gillett.

"Not at all. It was at Mrs. Baudeleigh's house, and the woman—well, her husband's one of the biggest lawyers in New York. But, then, that's no worse than the astrology some of us here have gone daft over."

"Oh—astrology—that's a different matter," objected Mrs. Thayer. "You evidently haven't looked into it That is a science—not at all the same as palmistry and spiritualism and those frauds."

Cecilia smiled—the amused, pitying smile of wisdom in the presence of ludicrous ignorance—and looked at Frothingham. He returned her look—pleased to have a secret, and such an intimate secret, in common with her. "But don't you think you're a little rash, Mrs. Thayer?" he drawled. "You certainly believe in ghosts, now, don't you?"

Miss Gillett's handsome, high-bred face expressed astonishment. "Do *you?*" she asked, before Mrs. Thayer could answer him.

"We can't doubt it over on our side. We've too much evidence of it.' And—I was listening to an old chap from Cambridge—your Cambridge—very clever old fellow, *I* thought—Yarrow, wasn't it? Yes, Yarrow."

"Yarrow!" Miss Gillett's eyes flashed scorn. "He's a disgrace to New England. We pride ourselves on having the culture of Emerson and the other great men of the past. What would they think of us if they could look in on us with our Yarrows and our Gonga Sahds and our Mrs. Ramsays? All the sensible people in the country must be laughing at us Pardon me, Lord Frothingham—I'm very indignant at what I regard as superstitions and impostors. It's only my view."

"Not at all, not at all," said Frothingham with an uneasy glance at Cecilia's angry face. "I'm not one of those who wish all to believe alike. What the deuce should we do if we hadn't each other's opinions to laugh at?"

"You're such an ardent disciple," continued Miss Gillett, "you ought to go to Yarrow's Mrs. Ramsay. She'll put you in communication with spirits, as many as you like, or rather as many as you care to pay for. I think she gets ten a ghost—twenty for letters."

The discussion was raging hotly round the table, all but two of the men and all but four of the women deriding astrology, palmistry, Buddhism, spiritualism; and the respective devotees of these cults deriding each the others. "Cut it out," said Mrs. Ridgie finally. "We'll have 'rough house' here the first thing you know

Every one laughed. They liked slang, and Mrs. Ridgie's was the boldest and quaintest. When the men and women were separated, "metaphysics" was again attempted by both. But the men who did not believe summarily laughed it down in the smoking-room. "Those fads are all well enough for the women," said Kennefick. "They've got to do something to pass the time, and they won't do anything serious, or, if they do, they make a joke of it. But our men, Lord Frothingham"—he was addressing himself to the Earl, whose

spiritualistic views he had not heard and did not suspect — "are too busy for such nonsense."

"That's a libel on the women," said Thayer — his fad was militant socialism that had a kindly eye for a red flag — "It's only women of the so-called fashionable class that go in for such silliness. The great mass of American women have something better to do."

"That's a libel on the women of the better class," retorted Kennefick. "Precious few of them are so silly."

"If it isn't that it's something else equally idle," said Thayer. Except Frothingham he was the best-dressed man in the room. "I've no time for idlers."

"Why don't you give your money away and shoulder a pick?" asked Kennefick teasingly.

"I'm not fit even to wield a pick" — Thayer was one of the ablest lawyers in Massachusetts — "and I'd give my money away if I could without doing more harm than good. There are two kinds of parasites — the plutocrats and the paupers. I'm 'agin' 'em both. And, as for spiritualism, I don't think we know enough about the relations of mind and matter to dogmatize as you fellows have been doing."

Kennefick winked at Frothingham as if saying: "Another proof that Thayer's a crank."

When Frothingham was beside Cecilia in the drawing-room she said: "Would you like to go to Mrs. Ramsay?"

"Yes — will you take me?" he replied.

"I'll write to-night making an appointment for Wednesday."

He was liking her immensely now, and, while he believed — not nearly so vividly as at first — in her connections with the other world, he felt growing confidence that they would rapidly fade before reawakening interest in this world. Meanwhile, he reasoned, his cue was to ingratiate himself by sympathizing with her and encouraging her to closer and closer confidence. "It's only a step from best friend to lover," he said to himself. And he made admirable use of the two days between her tentative acceptance of him and their visit to Mrs. Ramsay. He was justly proud of his manner toward her — a little of the brother, a great deal of the best friend, the tenderness and sympathy of the lover, yet nothing that could alarm her.

Mrs. Ramsay lived in a little old brick cottage in a quiet street near Franklin Park. In the two days Frothingham had become somewhat better acquainted with Henrietta Gillett and had a strong admiration for her intelligence. As he and Cecilia entered the dark little parlor he remembered what Henrietta had said about Mrs. Ramsay and was on guard. The first impression he received was of a perfume, unmistakably of the heaviest, most suspicious Oriental kind. "Gad!" he said to himself, "that scent doesn't suggest spirits. It smells tremendously of the world, the flesh and the devil, especially the devil."

As his eyes became accustomed to the faint light he discovered the radiating centre of this odor — a small blackish woman of forty or thereabouts, with keen, shifty black eyes and a long face as hard and fleshless from the cheekbones down as from the cheekbones up. The mouth was wide and cold and cruel. She was dressed in a loose black woolen wrapper, tight at the wrists, and her scanty black hair was in a careless, oily coil low on the back of her head. Her eyelids lifted languidly and she gave Cecilia her hand — a pretty hand, slender and sensitive.

"Good-morning, my dear," she said. "This is the Earl of Frothingham, is it not?"

At this both Cecilia and Frothingham started — Cecilia because it was another and impressive evidence of Mrs. Ramsay's power; Frothingham because he knew that voice so well. His knees weakened and he looked at Mrs. Ramsay.

But she was not looking at him. She was saying to Cecilia: "Doctor Yarrow was here two hours — I am *so* exhausted!"

"Perhaps we would better come to-morrow?" said Cecilia, appeal, apology and disappointment in her voice.

"No — no," replied Mrs. Ramsay wearily. "Doctor Yarrow tells me he has never known me to be so thoroughly under control as to-day. And" — she smiled faintly at Cecilia — "you know I would do anything for *you*."

"You *have* done — everything for me," said Cecilia, and her tone of humble, even deferential, gratitude filled Frothingham with pity and disgust. He was staring stolidly at Mrs. Ramsay, but if the room had been lighter his changed color and white lips might have been noted. Cecilia seated herself, and Frothingham gladly sat also where he could see Mrs. Ramsay's face without her seeing him unless she turned her head uncomfortably.

She rang a small, silver bell on the table at her elbow. A girl answered. "The light, please," said Mrs. Ramsay.

The girl went away and returned in a moment with a lamp whose strong flame was completely and curiously shielded by a metal sphere except at one point underneath. When it was set upon the table it threw a powerful light in a flood upon a part of the surface of the table about six inches square. The girl went to the windows and drew the heavy curtains across them. It was now impossible to see anything in the room except that small disk of intense light. In it presently appeared the slender, sensitive right hand of Mrs. Ramsay — it seemed to end at the wrist in nothingness. It laid upon the brightness a pad of white scribbling paper and a thick pencil with the heavy lead slightly rounded at the end; then it vanished. There was a long silence — Frothingham was sure he could hear Cecilia's faint breathing. His own breath hardly came at all and his heart was beating crazily. He stared at those inanimate objects in the circle of dazzling light until his brain whirled.

"IS THIS HORSE NAMED AFTER — HIM?"

A long sigh, apparently from Mrs. Ramsay, as if she were sinking into a deathlike sleep; a quick catching of the breath from the direction of Cecilia. He heard her move her chair to the light and then in it appeared her hand — long and narrow, looking waxen white, its nails, beautifully rounded, the most delicate blush of pink. It took the pencil and moved across the paper. Frothingham bent forward — she had written large, and he could easily read:

Dearest!

Her hand disappeared and again there was only the pad, the pencil and the heart-call into the infinite — "Dearest!"

A long pause, then the weird, severed hand — Frothingham could not associate it with Mrs. Ramsay — crawled haltingly into the light, hovered over the pencil, took it, began to make its blunt point scrawl along the paper — a loose, shaky handwriting. With the hair on the back of his neck trembling to rise, Frothingham read:

> My wife — I am glad you have come, though you bring another with you to profane our holy secret.

In the darkness a sharp exclamation from Cecilia, then a sound like a sob. The hand ceased to write, dropped the pencil, vanished instantly. In the light appeared Cecilia's hand, trembling, its veins standing up, blue and pulsing — Frothingham was amazed that a hand by itself could express so much; it was as perfect a mirror of her feelings as her face would have been. She wrote eagerly:

> But, dearest, you told me only this morning that he might, should, see all.

Her hand lifted the sheet, now filled with writing, laid it beside the pad, then disappeared. Again there was a long silence, and again the mysterious hand crawled out of the darkness, loosely held the pencil and wrote slowly, staggeringly, faintly:

> No, I have not spoken to you, seen you, since he came into your life — It has been hard for me to push my way through to-day — There is a barrier between us — You have been deceived — Can it be that you — but no, I trust my wife.

The hand paused. "Oh! Oh!" sobbed Cecilia. The hand was moving again.

> My friends here tell me that you are going away across the sea with an English fortune hunter — with him. You have been cruel enough to bring him here to our bridal chamber — Oh, Cecilia ——

The end of the sheet had been reached, but the hand wrote on for a few seconds, making vague markings in space, then vanished, dropping the pencil with a noise that in the strained silence sounded like a crash, and made both Cecilia and Frothingham leap in their chairs. After a moment Cecilia's trembling, eager, pathetic hands lifted off the filled sheet and withdrew. But the hand did not return. After a long wait her right hand — it seemed bloodless now — appeared once more upon the paper and wrote:

> I have been deceived. I love only you. I thought I was obeying you. Speak to me, dearest. You see into my heart. Speak to me. Do not leave me alone.

Her hand laid the sheet upon the other filled sheets and withdrew from that neutral ground of dazzling light between the two great mystery lands. Immediately the other hand darted into the light, caught the pencil and scrawled in great tottering letters:

> Yes, yes — but I cannot until he has gone far from you — Then come again — Good b

The hand vanished and there was a moan from the darkness that enveloped the medium — a moan that ended in a

(Continued on Page 24)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Dreams are thoughts with the facts left out.

¶ Poets whose feet are lame should have limp bindings.

¶ The man who can bottle up his wrath at all times is a corker.

¶ Optimists get more fun in hoping than pessimists do in having.

¶ A remark which is pertinent to the subject may be impertinent to the object.

¶ Trouble will meet you half-way and will gladly accompany you the rest of the distance.

¶ There may be no very close relationship between fate and furniture, yet it is doubtful if any of the world's great problems have been solved by men sitting in easy rocking-chairs.

The Man Who Resigned

A MERCHANT pointed out to a new stenographer the other day several serious and wholly inexcusable mistakes which he had made. The stenographer colored at the first word of the lecture and waited impatiently—and without listening—until it was ended. Then he resigned.

"Why do you resign?" asked the merchant.

"Because I won't let any man take advantage of his power as an employer and speak harshly to me."

"What did I say?" asked the merchant.

"I don't know just what it was. I only know you were jumping on me about my work."

"Why did you leave the position you had before you came to *us*?" asked the merchant.

"For the same reason that I'm leaving here. The man thought he could jump on me just because I was an employee"

"But didn't you make any mistakes? Was your work perfect?"

"Of course I made mistakes. Nobody is perfect"

"Then you don't permit any one to speak to you of your mistakes?"

"I don't think harshness is the way to help a man to get along"

And you regard any form of reproof as harshness?"

The stenographer was silent.

The only talk about your work that you will listen to is praise?"

The stenographer was silent

"You can't see that praise is not of the slightest value to you, that criticism is invaluable?"

The stenographer was silent.

"You can't see that by speaking to you of your mistakes I was showing myself to be your friend; that if I had passed over your mistakes I should have been doing you an injury?"

The stenographer was silent

"Don't you think you'd better give me another trial?" asked the merchant

"Yes," said the stenographer. But he resigned again within a week and was let go

At first blush every employee who reads this story will scoff at this stenographer as a fool, as a horrible and unusual example of inordinate vanity. But—isn't the story worth thinking about? Is this stenographer so unusual, after all? Is such vanity rare, or is it only his courage of it that is rare?

It may have been by ambition that the angels fell. It is by self-excuse that men fall

A very great man once said that no man had ever yet lifted his head so much as an inch above the mass of his fellows who had not the power of self-criticism—the ability to see his own faults either on his own initiative or when some friend or foe pointed them out. The smaller kinds of superior men close their ears against their enemies, but learn when their friends are venturesome enough to criticise them. The larger kinds of superior men learn much from the frankness of friends, more from the fierce and scorching criticism of their unintentionally friendly foes. And on the day that a man ceases to be capable of self-criticism, ceases to be tolerant and eager for criticism from without, on that day his undoing begins.

Again and again you hear it said of a man, "He has reached his limit." What does that mean? In every case close study of the man and his career will show that he has reached that stage at which self-exaltation has succeeded in silencing self-criticism.

Study the man who works beside you. Study the man who was promoted the first of the year. Study the man who wasn't—especially if he happens to be yourself. This is not a world of chance, but of causation. There was a "why" for the one man's promotion, another "why" for the other man's dismissal or failure to advance.

Scratch an anarchist, or a social malcontent of almost any kind, and you will find a personification of self-esteem, a furious hater of criticism. Men used to blame the gods for their shortcomings; then it was the devil and his imps; now it is the social system. And we find competition, which is life's criticism upon one's self and one's acts, erected into a satanic spirit; and all the failures and all who love to indulge the supercilious and contemptuous emotion of patronizing pity are crying out for "mutual aid." As if there could be any higher, any more effective "mutual aid" than the searching, convincing, correcting criticism of competition.

What the world most needs is not alms or crutches, but more friendly criticism, more self-criticism.

The place to begin to correct the evils in the social system is with the one member of it who is wholly under your control. Other corrections can wait. That one can't

A Billion-Dollar Labor Trust

THE new year opened with indications of a general desire on the part of capitalists in control of the industries of the country to take their employees into partnership. The offers of several great corporations, headed by the Steel Trust, to allot stock to their workmen, to be paid for on the installment plan, were most liberal, as far as concerned the terms on which the investments actually provided for were to be made. The only possible criticism was that these investments were limited to such a small amount of stock that the interest of the workmen in the companies could never become really substantial.

But that is a matter entirely under the control of the men themselves. They are not compelled to restrict themselves to the limits fixed in the profit-sharing plans. There is an institution through which they can invest as heavily in the shares of the corporations that employ them as their savings permit. It is called the stock market. There are many philanthropists, known as brokers, any one of whom, on receipt of a hundred dollars, will buy ten shares of any stock the purchaser may designate and give him time to pay the balance.

If the employees of the Steel Trust really want to acquire a substantial interest in the business that employs them, the way is open. They can get not only such an interest, but absolute control. The preferred stock of that corporation has sold below 80 and the common stock below 30. It would be a liberal estimate, then, to put the prices the workmen might have to pay at 90 and 40 respectively. At these rates, the $510,314,100 of preferred stock would be worth $459,132,690, and a majority of it $229,566,435. The $508,495,200 of common stock would be worth $203,398,080, and a majority of it $101,699,080. Thus a controlling interest in the United States Steel Corporation could be bought for $331,265,515.

The workmen in the steel trade are well paid. Probably they would not find it a great hardship to lay aside, on an average, four dollars a week apiece, or $200 a year. That amount invested by each of 168,000 men, would aggregate $33,600,000 a year, and would give the workers complete control of the Steel Corporation in ten years. Then they could elect their own directors, and, if they chose, substitute the president of their union for Mr. Schwab.

The Eclipse of Silver

THE disappearance of the silver question from politics no longer appears mysterious in the light of the statistics of production of the precious metals furnished by the Director of the Mints. It appears that in the calendar year 1902 the mines of Nevada turned out $2,120,000 in silver and $3,514,212 in gold. The original Silver State is now a Golden State. A few years ago it appeared a safe prediction that, if the fortunes of the white metal ever became desperate, Senators Jones and Stewart would be seen looming above the wreck like Ney on the retreat from Moscow.

"Marshal, where is the rear-guard?"

"I am the rear-guard."

Jones and Stewart show no inclination to be the rear-guard on this occasion. With their State producing more gold than silver they are very sensibly occupying comfortable quarters near the head of the procession. Colorado used to be Nevada's twin star in the silver firmament. Six years ago "goldbugs" were as scarce there as bears in Mississippi You might have tramped with your gun from the Kansas line to the Utah Desert without getting a shot at one. Now Colorado digs out $27,502,429 in gold to $9,085,714 in silver She is by far the greatest gold-producing State in the Union And by a coincidence the gold party won at the late election

California's output of the precious metals is almost entirely gold—$17,124,941 to $480,793 in silver. Arizona and New Mexico produce more than twice as much gold as silver. The production of South Dakota is almost exclusively gold. Wyoming, which some ill-informed people have classed with the silver-mining States, turned out only $2756 worth of silver last year. The only States that produced any substantial excess of silver over gold were Idaho, Montana and Utah, and even in these the gold furnished a very respectable proportion of the total output

For the United States as a whole the product was $80,853,070 in gold and $31,040,025 in silver. The value of our silver harvest was less than one-thirtieth that of the corn crop and a little over a twentieth of that of our hay. Both the precious metals together are insignificant compared with any of the principal farm crops. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that any financial policy we may adopt will be chosen on its merits and not under pressure from any class of miners.

A Representative American

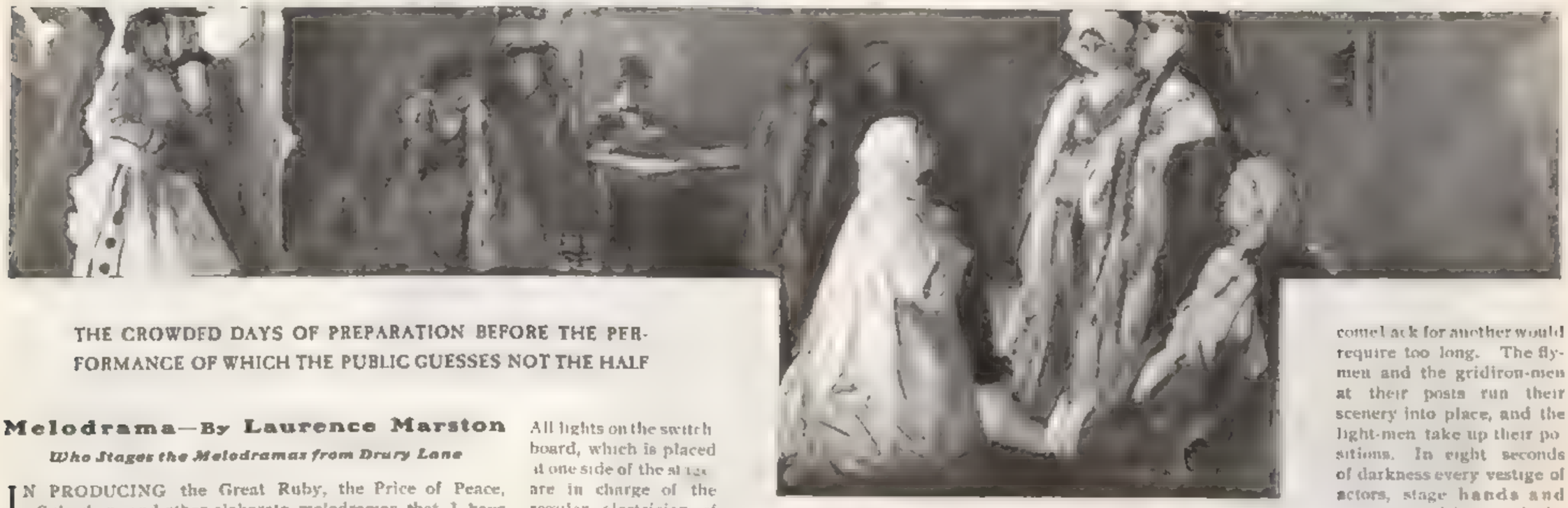
IN THE death of Abram S. Hewitt the country has lost a statesman who in more than one national crisis has rendered her services of inestimable value; New York a citizen who to the very last was not afraid to raise his voice in behalf of truth and justice—ofttimes in defiance of popular clamor and at the risk of personal abuse; and the great cause of public benevolence one of its most conscientious, intelligent and powerful administrators.

So wide, indeed, was the field of his effort that it is not easy to say in what particular capacity he rendered the greatest service to his fellow-men, but it is not unlikely that his prompt and substantial aid in the important work of purchasing arms abroad and making them in this country at the outbreak of the Civil War will always be regarded as his chief claim to the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. And in this connection it is worthy of note that at the time of his selection by President Lincoln for those difficult and delicate negotiations with the English gunmakers, Mr. Hewitt, because of his affiliation with the Democratic party, was openly accused in the North of "copperheadism"; just as in recent months he was held up to popular execration as the enemy of the working classes, despite the fact that he had devoted a great part of his life and an immense amount of his private fortune to the amelioration of their condition.

Apart from the lofty example which he set to a generation which has suffered much from the specious reasoning of false prophets, Mr. Hewitt rendered his most conspicuous services to the city in which he lived in his capacity of administrator of the great work of philanthropy and education founded nearly half a century ago by Peter Cooper. New York may well be grateful to Mr. Cooper, whose broadminded benevolence is immortalized in the poor man's university which bears his name, but to Mr. Hewitt is due the extraordinary growth of that institution in endowment, in scope of usefulness, and in the influence that have marked its progress during the past quarter of a century. At the time of Mr. Cooper's death the income of Cooper Union was so small that it was found necessary to rent out the greater part of the building as stores and business offices. Since that time the number of the tenants has been diminished one by one and the number of classes increased, until a short time before Mr. Hewitt's death he notified the very last of these tenants—who had also been the first to establish himself in the building—that his lease could not be renewed

In summing up the life work, character and influence of this most distinguished New Yorker, it may be said of him—and of very few other citizens of his wealth and social standing—that he never held himself aloof from his fellows, but was of the bone and sinew of the city, thoroughly in sympathy with all schemes of education and beneficence, in personal touch with citizens of every class, and keenly appreciative of whatever good things the town had to offer

PUTTING ON THE PLAY



THE CROWDED DAYS OF PREPARATION BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE OF WHICH THE PUBLIC GUESSES NOT THE HALF

Melodrama—By Laurence Marston

Who Stages the Melodramas from Drury Lane

IN PRODUCING the Great Ruby, the Price of Peace, Suburban, and other elaborate melodramas that I have staged, three hundred people, a vast deal of stage settings, properties, and every conceivable variety of stage lighting have to be prepared and rehearsed until all chance of hitch or mishap is impossible. In handling this mass of actors auxiliaries, electricians, stage hands scenery and properties from five to eight seconds is allowed for a change of scene which must be made in the dark. Every actor and auxiliary must consequently know his place, every scene-shifter his special piece of scenery, every electrician his particular light, and each individual must move in a way to avoid the slightest confusion to any one else engaged. All this requires a drill, military in precision, and every detail must be prepared with absolute accuracy

MR. LAURENCE MARSTON

When a manager thinks favorably of a play he sends for his stage manager, of whom he requires a written opinion. Personally, I have found that the first reading is the best upon which to base a decision, for I then see the play as the audience will view it. In later study and planning of effects enthusiasm enters in too strongly to allow the same clear, dispassionate view. After this first reading comes the analyzing, the seeking for defects, and the proper hinging of the story. The final judgment rests, of course, with the manager

Once a play is accepted the first thing is to make out a ground plan of the scenery from the manuscript as the scenario of the story suggests. The scene painters are sent for, and after a talk they set about their models. No one painter is given the contract for all in Suburban, for instance, five different studios were engaged on the settings. They carry out the ideas in accordance with the time and place of action, when the stage manager is again required to make a study of the models to see whether they will act—that is, that every door, window and bank is in its proper place required by the action of the piece, and no obstruction presented.

While the scenery is being painted the property-men make designs for the interior furnishings—a library, drawing room, what the requirement may be. Some of these articles are bought outright; others are let out to be manufactured. But in this branch distinctions are closely drawn. For instance, a set bank is a property, and a tree that is let down from the fly gallery, and the foliage of which is carried out in the general setting, is scenery No scene-shifter is allowed to touch a property, no property-man is allowed to touch the scenery each is in his own department by a law established by the Unions. In the same manner the stage electricians keep solely to their own branch

Lighting the stage has become in a measure an art. When a scene is nearing completion I say to the artist "You know how you are painting this and your color scheme; tell me your idea of lighting it?"

He gives his opinion on the subject, I advance mine, and after a long conference the matter is finally settled. In Suburban, for instance, twenty-three electricians are required

All lights on the switch board, which is placed at one side of the stage are in charge of the regular electrician of the theatre. Another man has the direction of the extra electricians. The latter use electric calciums divided into two kinds of lights, known technically as open box and lense or spot-lights The first of these can be focused and directed to a special point; the second, as its name implies, is to counteract the effect of other lights, to obviate shadows, and so forth as may be required These lights are placed against the wall, on the fly bridges above the stage, in the gallery—in fact at any point where they may prove of artistic use To accomplish this every scene is gone through and a light plot is made and rehearsed, each assistant receiving his part from the head electrician, and each being held responsible for his particular light. Meanwhile, the actors have been engaged, and the stage manager has gone through the manuscript of the piece with its author. Of course, every author has an idea that all his words are gems, and are so pertinent to the development of the story that to eliminate one will cause the whole structure to fall. I don't think so. In this reading I point out such things as seem to retard the action, for I have discovered that almost any climax can be killed by too many words. The wise plan is to get to a climax with as few words as possible

This done, the company is called for rehearsal. I never read the play through on such first occasions, for experience has taught me that it is a day lost, as the actors listen only to their own parts

At the very first meeting I make it a practice to define a character as to dress, make up, and the author's ideas on the subject. Aside from this I make it a rule to give to the interpreting artists leeway in characterization in order to get the advantage of the individuality of both—for individuality is one of the chief essentials in an actor

Day by day as we rehearse we keep on developing the characters to the best possible advantage in action called in stage parlance "business

When I get the principals into pretty good shape, the auxiliaries, who have been drilled separately, are brought together with them in rehearsal

In Suburban seventy-six women, two hundred men and thirty boys are required, and in addition a great many other people are needed to handle the number of scenes which demand a quick change made in the dark. These additional people comprise forty stage hands, twenty property-men and twenty three electricians. Each of these three hundred and eighty-nine people, and sixteen jockeys with their horses besides must be got to a certain place in a certain way in the dark and there is only one right way to do it

In one scene in Suburban there are thirty set pieces, twelve hanging pieces twenty-four tables, forty eight chairs, seventy six women and two hundred men. In the gridiron above the stage all the hanging stuff hangs, and there are two fly galleries. The stage hands move the set stuff, the property people the properties, and the electricians the lights. In making the change from this scene to the succeeding one eight seconds are required. The seventy-six women and two hundred men separate, the women to one side, the men to the other, as they dress on opposite sides of the theatre, and move down stage. This leaves the rear of the stage free to the property-men, carpenters and stage hands; and of these each one grabs his piece and runs—to take one piece and come back for another would require too long. The fly-men and the gridiron-men at their posts run their scenery into place, and the light-men take up their positions. In eight seconds of darkness every vestige of actors, stage hands and scenery vanishes, and the next set is dropped into position, with those engaged in the scene properly grouped

One scene in Suburban represents the race track at Sheepshead Bay, an exact reproduction of the original. On the back-drop thirty-five thousand people are painted. The front of the stage is left free for the sixteen running horses Between this and the back drop which represents the grand stand are grouped three hundred and six actors and auxiliaries, and back of them eight rows of set pieces, figures of people cut out of wood and painted. The first row of these is six feet tall, the second five, and so on, graduated down Each of the people in the real scene flutters a handkerchief or holds a parasol. To carry out the idea of animation and life, handkerchiefs from the regulation size to bits of muslin half an inch square are pinned to the hands of the wooden figures and those in the great painted scene back of them Electric fans are set in motion, and the squares of muslin flutter and wave under the lights. Past this cheering, animated mass the horses are rushed on a run. Not a principal has a line in the scene, which is enacted entirely by the auxiliaries Cheering, waving, calling out the progress of the horses in the race, which they are supposed to see on the off side of the track, out of sight of the audience, the thrilling effect is splendidly kept up. Meanwhile, the animals are led behind the scenes to the opposite side of the stage. Then with a rush the horses rush in front of the footlights before cheering, handkerchief-waving masses, completing a tremendous effect

The Author's Part—By Clyde Fitch

Who Stages All His Own Plays

IN WRITING a play the entire action presents itself to me as I work, and I seldom find it necessary to make changes in it later. The action of each character grows in my mind with the development of the dialogue. Sometimes a player will say to me, "I would like to cross the stage at this certain point." But that very contingency has been provided for a moment later, and I will reason out the situation with him. Of course, a change is made if it appears wiser, but this seldom happens, and for the reason, I think, that each character has so graphically played out his or her part to me as their words sprang into my mind

MR. CLYDE FITCH

I always give a reading of the entire play to the company. In this reading I endeavor to give a strong suggestion of what I expect each character to be The working out of that suggestion rests, of course, in large degree, with the individual imagination of the player. No man in staging a play can do more than strongly suggest, explain and illustrate; then the individuality the intuition and imagination of the player must take up and complete the task. Above all, in the acting of a modern play, naturalness is absolutely essential; it is the first quality necessary to the actor, and must govern the very best of his gifts—imagination

In the matter of stage-setting, I oversee everything In this way only can I approximate the effects which I desire

The rehearsals usually last four weeks or thereabouts, and, as a rule, the first public performance does not suggest change.

From the day a piece is put into rehearsal every moment is fully occupied with thoughts of it—planning of scenic

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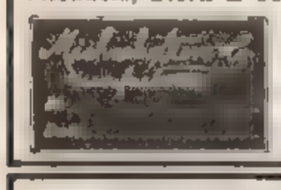

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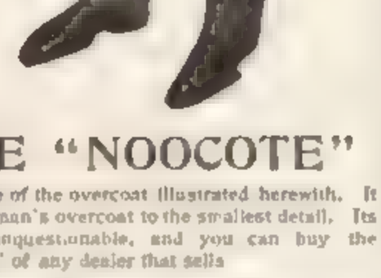

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effects, and study with each individual player engaged in it. Some days a single act is taken over, and again, on others, the play is gone through from end to end. Aside from these general rehearsals are the private ones, sometimes lasting for hours, given to the actors individually, that every point and detail may be developed to the fullest.

To see a play lived out as I see it in its writing and preparation for performance leaves no moment for anything else but the piece in hand, and once produced there is no time left for any pleasure but the writing of another

Staging Grand Opera

By William Parry

For Twenty-five Years Stage Manager at Covent Garden, London, and at the Academy of Music and Metropolitan Opera House, New York

THE staging of grand opera productions twenty-five years ago and the elaborate scale on which works are presented to-day make a strange comparison. There is decided humor in the contrast, too. When Bizet's Pêcheur de Perles was brought out at Covent Garden under Colonel Mapleson's management I was allowed just one hundred and twenty pounds ($600) for scenery, properties and costumes. The scene painter touched up a collection of old stuff, and I bought a lot of Turkish toweling for costumes. The next morning after the first presentation the London Telegraph pronounced it "a most gorgeous production" and wondered at Mapleson's lavish generosity

When Mr. Grau produced Salammbo at the Metropolitan Opera House two seasons back thirty thousand dollars was expended on scenery and accessories, and the opera had only a few performances

In the prime of Madame Adelina Patti's triumphs Colonel Mapleson presented La Gazza Ladra at the Academy of Music in New York. He was in a saving mood in those days, and we used the old stock scenery for the production. A piece of wire was needed on which the magpie was to float down and steal a spoon off a table, an episode on which the whole plot hinged

"Use string," said the Colonel.

We did. On the night of the first performance the string broke, and the improvised bird fell with a thump on the boards. But the mishap made small odds, for Madame Patti had so many encores in this particular scene that the man who had been concealed under the table cover to fasten the spoon to the thieving bird fell asleep

On the other hand, in this matter of contrast, when Mr. Grau produced Saint-Saen's Samson and Delilah at the Metropolitan the breaking columns in the temple alone cost three thousand dollars. They were made of cane and papier-maché, with wires inside, so that when they broke apart they would not fall into the orchestra.

In staging a grand opera, the first thing done is to have made cardboard models of each scene complete on the scale of half an inch to the foot. From these models the scene painters and carpenters go to work. The list of properties, of which careful sketches have previously been prepared, goes to the property-man. Water-color drawings of the costumes are turned over to the head costumer, the materials having previously been selected

The principal women singers have their costumes prepared long in advance, generally by celebrated Parisian dressmakers. The planning of these gowns and the fitting of them require weeks, while the average cost is a thousand dollars apiece

Every spare moment of the stage manager is given to overseeing the progress of the multiplicity of details under his direction. Meanwhile, the regular routine of almost nightly performance is in progress

In America the question of rehearsals of a new opera is a grievous one, so little time being allowed in this all-important branch of preparation. At Baireuth, where the Wagnerian music drama is mounted in its greatest perfection, a whole year is given to preparation, for as soon as one Festival series is done they begin to arrange for the next. At any of the Broadway playhouses in giving a musical comedy, with the conventional village girl and swain as central figures, six weeks are allowed for rehearsal, while abroad in the mere item of scene shifting and stage lighting at least six rehearsals are held. In staging a grand opera in America we think ourselves exceedingly fortunate if we get one rehearsal in this latter branch, while the actual time allowed for preparing the singers on the stage for their arduous undertaking is but two weeks.

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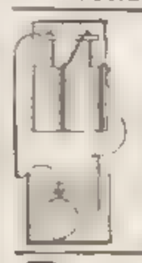

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A NEW ERA IN ENGINEERING EDUCATION

By Forrest Crissey

A NEW era has just been begun in the great modern movement of giving instruction by mail: the co-operation of the resident technical school with the correspondence school "to make the work of correspondence co-ordinate with the work of the shops and laboratories." This departure is so significant that it will always stand out conspicuously in the history of teaching by correspondence.

The correspondence school is so distinctively new as a factor in popular education that this latest and most important phase of its development comes as a surprise to the public. The

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

place of the correspondence school in popular education is now generally recognized. After years of experience, the true founder of correspondence teaching in America, President Harper, of the University of Chicago, goes so far as to say: "The work done by correspondence is even better than that done in the class room. Students who come to us after a year of such work are better prepared than those who have taken it with us in the class room. The correspondence student does all the work himself; he does it in writing, and does 20 times as much reciting as he would in a class of 20 people. He works out the difficulties by himself, and the results stay by him."

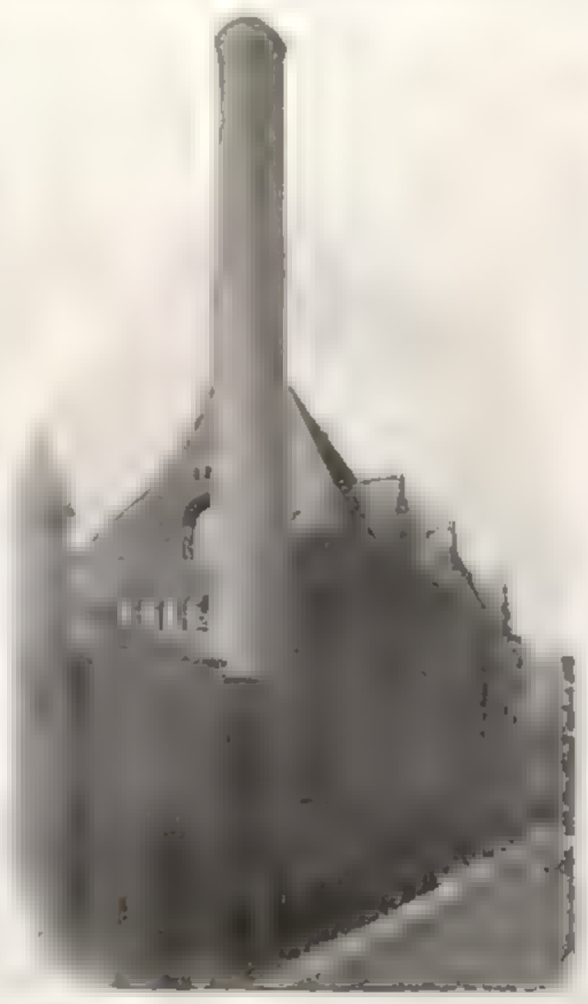
This co-operation, therefore, of the resident technical school with the correspondence school is a matter of general moment to the entire educational interests of the country, and especially is it of vital interest to every person ambitious to win a resident technical school degree but who is without the means of spending the *entire* four years in class room work. Then, too, it offers parents who have not the means to send their children to college an opportunity to give them the benefit of higher education at a moderate cost under men of acknowledged educational standing. It brings, through the instructor, the benefits of a magnificently equipped resident engineering school, with all its costly laboratories, shops and libraries and its modern methods of teaching, to the humble home on the farm, in the mountain or in the village. How many parents, worn out with the life struggle, are obliged to send their children out into the world handicapped by inadequate early training. To such homes, and to the thousands of earnest, ambitious people in every walk of life who are eager to make their leisure contribute to their intellectual growth, correspondence instruction, under resident school supervision, will prove an inestimable blessing.

Admittedly, there have always been three weak spots in the correspondence system of instruction: a lack of genuine "educational spirit" on the part of the teaching corps; a sense of solitary struggle on the part of the student; the impossibility of directly applying the work done by correspondence toward a course in a resident technical school.

CORNER INSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT, AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

In its recent arrangement with the management of Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, the American School of Correspondence, formerly of Boston, has overcome the three traditional defects of the correspondence methods. It has given the correspondence school a FACULTY instead of an office force, and has supplanted the commercial spirit with the *academic* spirit; it has given the solitary student in the veldt of the Transvaal and the busy clerk in Wall Street the feeling of brotherhood and association that in the resident school voices itself in a class yell; it has placed within the grasp of aroused ambition the possibility of a personal resident course in a great technical school, and that without the sacrifice of a single hour of study under the "solitary candle."

This work of fusing into the far-reaching mechanism of the correspondence system the true educational spirit has not been done in a tentative or half-hearted manner in this initial instance. Members of the Faculty of Armour Institute of Technology constitute the directing Faculty of the American School of Correspondence. The correspondence student thus works under the supervision of the very men who preside over the laboratories and teach the regular classes at Armour Institute. This means correspondence instruction in its best sense.



MAIN BUILDING, ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

President Gunsaulus, of the Institute, defines the purpose of the arrangement in these significant words:

"The aim is to make the work of correspondence co-ordinate with the work of the shops and laboratories. The work done by the students by correspondence in accordance with this standard will therefore be duly accepted and credited at Armour Institute of Technology when students desire to complete their course by actual residence here. We co-operate to conduct this educational enterprise by correspondence in the hope that wage-earners and aspiring students of all ages may have the results of the latest and completest laboratory work and experimentation in the Armour Institute of Technology. For the reason that all examination papers will be reviewed and corrected by members of the Faculty of the Armour Institute of Technology, *full credit, as above stated, will be given here for work done*, according to this arrangement with the American School of Correspondence."

Now a word on the value of the correspondence system in general: Already the three weak points have been touched: it has threescore of strong ones. Some of them are:

The correspondence school is the People's University, from which neither occupation, age nor poverty can shut out the ambitious. Only indifference and indolence can bar the aspiring from its benefits. Entrance into the correspondence school means personal initiative—spontaneous, voluntary expenditure of individual energy, often at the cost of sharp personal sacrifice, in order to keep pace with the march of industrial progress. This explains why the average correspondence student has the right sort of timber. He is not "sent to school"; he brings the school to himself because he wants it, and he appreciates it because he feels the need of it.

The biggest capital a young man has to invest is his spare time and the use he makes of it largely determines both his moral and commercial success. No agency for the utilization of spare moments approaches the great modern movement of correspondence instruction. A clearing house of individual adaptability, a corrector of misfit vocations, a reclaimer of lost educational opportunities—this is exactly what a correspondence school, affiliated with a resident school, is. It gives the man of mature years a chance to catch his "second wind" in life, to grip another educational "life-line" and to show practical repentance for "wasted opportunity."

The man who is looking for a corrected examination paper by tomorrow's mail is more alive and has a greater stake in life than the man who is simply waiting for payday and whose chief interest is to hold his job. And the man with the examination paper in mind climbs higher on the pay roll and is a better patriot because he has a vested interest in the United States mails and what they bring him from the correspondence school.

Only the sons of the wealthy can afford the luxury of a "private tutor" in their school work; every correspondence student has a "private tutor," and those of the American School have the help and direction of the professors of a great technical school.

Correspondence education does not entail costly sacrifices upon "the folks at home."

Sometimes a college education is too dearly paid for in this way. It never happens in correspondence work, for the student *earns while he learns*, and the main sacrifice involved is that of his own leisure. The correspondence student generally swings hammers instead of Indian clubs, does his gymnastics under the eye of a foreman or shop boss, instead of under a professional athlete; and in "hustling" to reach the factory or the office on time he does not particularly miss the exercise of the football rush. To-day every thoughtful observer recognizes how great a force in our national life is the technical correspondence school and how powerful a factor in America's commercial supremacy. An article on the American School of Correspondence in the *World's Work* says: "It is the men behind the machines who have won industrial leadership for the United States. There never was a time in the history of the world when employers were so eager to get men of brains as now, or when the opportunities of such men were so great."

But to resume about the American School of Correspondence in particular. The correspondence curriculum includes these full courses in Engineering: Electrical, Mechanical, Mechanical-Electrical, Stationary, Marine, Locomotive, Civil, Architecture, Textile, Heating, Ventilating, Plumbing, Mechanical Drawing, Perspective Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting, Tool Making, and some forty Short Courses for General Students.

Nothing about any correspondence school is more vital than the manner in which its instruction papers are prepared. Recently *The American Machinist*, the highest authority in its field, made this comment on an instruction paper of the American School on Mechanical Drawing:

"There are not many books on Mechanical Drawing which the practical draughtsman feels

MACHINE SHOP, ARMOUR INSTITUTE

are satisfactory. With all their effort they somehow fail to 'get there.' We have just seen a copy of the instruction paper on this subject which is put out by the American School of Correspondence and feel bound to say that we have found an exception to the rule. Indeed it is not too much to say that in the methods followed it stands in a class by itself. * * * If this is not effective instruction, we do not know the article."

The conclusion of the whole matter is clear and emphatic: Correspondence school work pays the ambitious and energetic who are determined to improve their position, to increase their efficiency, to expand their earnings; it is within the reach of the humblest and poorest wage-worker who cannot quit his place on the pay-roll; it gives the high school graduate who has not the means to enter a "resident" school a chance to begin a technical education while he is earning the money that will enable him later to take his degree in the "resident" school.

But the recent step taken by the American School of Correspondence, in perfecting an alliance with the management of the Armour Institute of Technology of the intimate and practical nature I have described, is altogether the most significant event in the entire evolution of giving instruction by mail.

It does away with the elaborate expenditure and commercial methods of soliciting students through a horde of agents so commonly practiced by correspondence schools in the past. Too many of these schools have built up a vast machinery which seems to have but one aim,—that of "coining money." By the method now adopted by the American School of Correspondence a new era in correspondence instruction has dawned. What agents have been costing correspondence schools is, by this School, put into apparatus and teachers, and employed toward the reduction of the tuition. Further, it has made possible for the correspondence student, through the reduced cost of his tuition, to complete his course in residence at the Armour Institute without excessive cost and with the added benefit of credits for work done by correspondence. The management of the American School of Correspondence as now constituted and the management of the Armour Institute of Technology will exhaust every resource to enlarge the influence of this institution toward the laboring man who aspires to larger power and opportunity.

Thus has the American School of Correspondence acquired a recognized status in the regular educational system of the country. It has by its work secured at last a truly educational and not commercial place in the scheme of popular education.

Only general features of this interesting educational departure have been here presented; full details may be had by addressing a postal card of inquiry to Mr. A. E. Zapf, the Secretary of the American School of Correspondence, at Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago.

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WHAT ART NEEDS IS A SALESMAN

By James L. Ford

ONE hears a great deal about the unfortunate conditions under which the arts of painting and sculpture carry on the struggle for an existence in this country, and it is generally considered that it is because of ignorance and lack of artistic perception on the part of the public that the sculptor and his brother of the brush do not enjoy so much prosperity as do the successful playwright, actor, and man of letters

"What Art needs in America to-day is an elevated public taste," wail the philosophers of the commonplace with their usual capacity for not understanding a question. What Art really does need in this country is a good salesman, and until it can be put on as sound a commercial basis as the theatre or the book trade its followers will continue to wring their hands and deplore the lack of artistic atmosphere, public appreciation, and all the other things that they think they ought to have

It is the fashion to decry "commercialism," and those who live by the pen or the brush fall into the habit of doing it without knowing what the term means. A writer of my acquaintance once told me with solemnly uplifted finger that commercialism in literature was fast sapping the vitals of the country. And when I asked him what he meant by "commercialism in literature," he replied quite ingenuously that the term stood for paying on publication instead of on acceptance of contributions

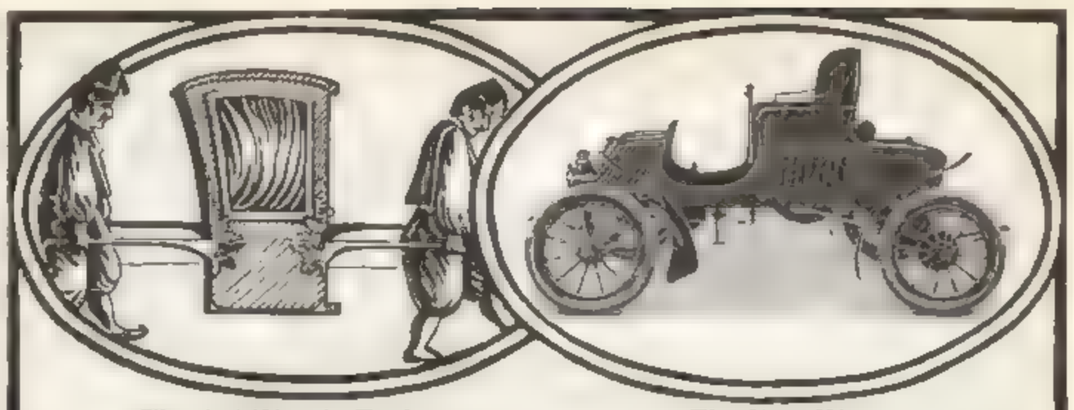
Yet despite this hue and cry against this "commercialism" the playwrights and novelists are making money simply because the art which each one represents has been put on a good commercial basis. This is because the publisher and manager really do something to promote the interests of the author or actor. They encourage them to divert their efforts into the most profitable channels, they place their literary and artistic wares before the public in a favorable light, they awaken interest in them by crafty and judicious "booming" in the columns of the press—in short, they do a great deal of work that their clients could not possibly do for themselves It is for this reason that there is much less enmity between the publisher and the author, and the manager and the actor or playwright than there is between the picture dealer and the artist

The last named invariably grudges the percentage he must pay on a sale of his work which is not to be wondered at when we consider how little is done, as a general thing, to earn that percentage. The dealer simply hires what he calls a "gallery" on Fifth Avenue, covers its walls with pictures which have been intrusted to him to sell on the percentage basis, and then lies in wait for his prey. He has not yet learned the art of newspaper booming which enters into every form of industry, and consequently the public knows nothing of the domestic life and personal characteristics of even our most distinguished artists.

The Talented Young Kersloop

His front room is devoted to American landscapes, but he uses these only as a sort of "blind" for his real business, which is conducted in a back parlor hung with thick curtains and provided with the most elaborate contrivances for lighting and exhibiting pictures to the very best advantage. Visitors who are attracted by the exhibition in the show windows—for your true art dealer is also an expert "window dresser," as it is termed in the vernacular of the department store—enter the front room where they are permitted to examine the works of art at their leisure, while the dealer "sizes them up" and wonders what their chief weakness may be. If, prompted by an unusual interest in some landscape, they ask questions about it, the dealer shakes his head with a despondent smile. He knows nothing of the picture save that it was brought there by an American artist. Perhaps the ladies are interested in pictures? Yes! Then if they will step this way he will show them something that has just arrived from Europe. It is the work of the brilliant young Dutch artist, Kersloop, of whom they have certainly heard, for he is the talk of the Continent. Such color! Such atmosphere!

And thus softly gabbling, he leads the way into the back room, the curtains close noiselessly behind them and a velvet-footed attendant places on an easel the Kersloop masterpiece, a windmill on a ditched and



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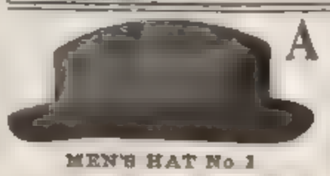

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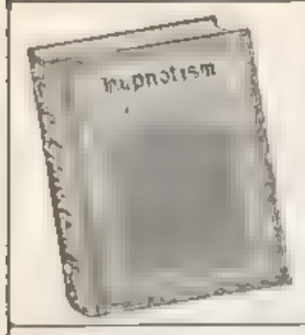

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dyked plain with a gray farmhouse in the distance and two forlorn geese in the foreground. No human beings are in sight—Mr Kersloop would not know how to draw them if they were—but his work shows "breadth of treatment," "mystic tenderness," and several things in Italian which I cannot very well. Of course the ladies know that the poor fellow has the consumption and is not long for this world? Alas, it is only too true.

After the bargain has been concluded the visitors depart through a side door so that there is no possibility of their seeing again or even remembering the American works of art with which the dealer baited his hook.

A patriotic press is eager at all times to exploit the works of Kersloop and the others of his school, but the Fifth Avenue dealer has not yet learned the art of newspaper booming. Consider for a moment the amount of information of a useful and entertaining nature that is disseminated about even the least important of our soubrettes and authors and compare it with the pitifully meagre details of life in the homes of artists of the brush that is vouchsafed by the picture dealers who ought to be also managers and press agents. Surely there must be some artists who live in "dainty flats" and are "wedded to their art," like soubrettes, or "do their creative work in the morning" and "study the congested districts of the East Side at close range" like budding authors. The material for booming is there. All it needs is a press agent to put it before the public.

There is one thing, however, that the art dealer should do for his clients which is of far greater importance than newspaper puffery, and that is to furnish fuller information regarding the pictures that he offers for sale than he does now. We are essentially a practical-minded people, and the majority of us are more apt to buy a picture because of some personal interest in what it represents than because of the technical skill in drawing or coloring that it represents, and which, after all, only a very few of us can appreciate. The buyer who is not an art connoisseur is certain to ask questions about a picture that catches his fancy. Where was it painted? What water is that in the background? Who is the man in the foreground? What sort of an old-fashioned machine is that standing by the roadside? They are the sort of questions that an artist would probably scorn to answer, but the best way to sell a picture is to make known all these details to the prospective buyer.

The sort of titles that artists bestow upon their works have been aptly characterized by Mr. Munkittrick in one of his poems:

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat"
His "When the Morning Sun Went"
His "Seven Miles from Anstat,
His "Portrait of a Cloud"

These titles represent precisely the amount of information concerning each picture that can be extracted from the average exhibition catalogue that sells for a quarter of a dollar. Let the manager of one of these art exhibitions print twenty lines of description for each picture instead of one and he will certainly reap his reward in a larger attendance and a much larger sale of pictures.

A Priceless Paradise

By Edmund Vance Cooke

IF SOME weird gnome should seek my home,
Some genie, fairy, witch,
To blink my eyes with every prize
Of life, and ask me "Which?"
I think I'd choose, in half a trice,
This boon: to never ask the price.

I would not claim a gilded name,
Or be a financier,
Nor would I hold the wide world's gold;
And yet I somewhat fear
I'd ask a just sufficient slice
That I might never ask the price.

A coat-of-arms has meagre charms
To men of modern views,
Yet were it mine to make design,
I know which one I'd choose:
An open purse, with this device,
"He never, never asks the price."

Is Heaven a state, a place, a fete,
A rapture, or a rest?
The question's old and each may hold
His own opinion best;
But my idea of Paradise
Is where one need not ask the price!

All the world's a stage. Elgin Watches are the prompters.

Elgin Watches

are the world's standard for pocket timepieces. Sold by every jeweler in the land; guaranteed by the world's greatest watch works. Booklet free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

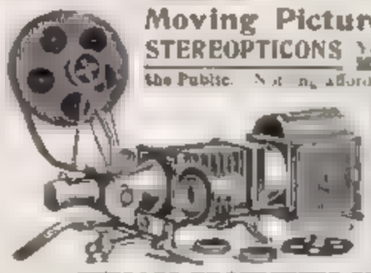
Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century

PREPARED BY

J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

Moving Picture Machines

STEREOPTICONS You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for

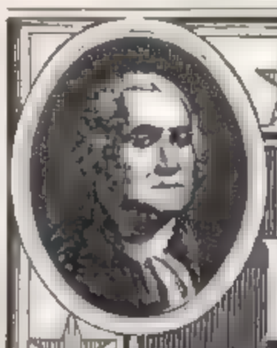


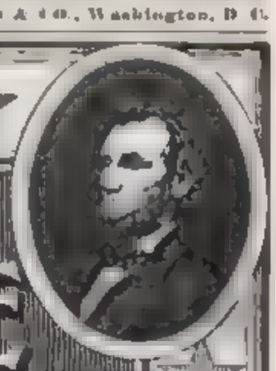
Our Entertainment Supply Catalog and special offer fully explains. Sent free

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

PATENT SECURED or fee returned. Letter or drawing of your invention for free report as to patentability. Guide Book and What to Invent sent free.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.





THE EQUITABLE

J. W. ALEXANDER PRESIDENT

STRONGEST IN THE WORLD

J. H. HYDE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

defended and protected their country while they lived.

The Father of a family should defend and protect his family not only while he lives but after he dies.

This can best be accomplished by Life Assurance. An Endowment policy in the Equitable will protect your family in the event of your death, and will provide for your own future if you live.

For full information fill out coupon below.

Vacancies in every State for men of character and energy to act as representatives. Apply to Gage E. Tarbell, 2d Vice-Pres.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK Dept. No. 30

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $

Name

Address

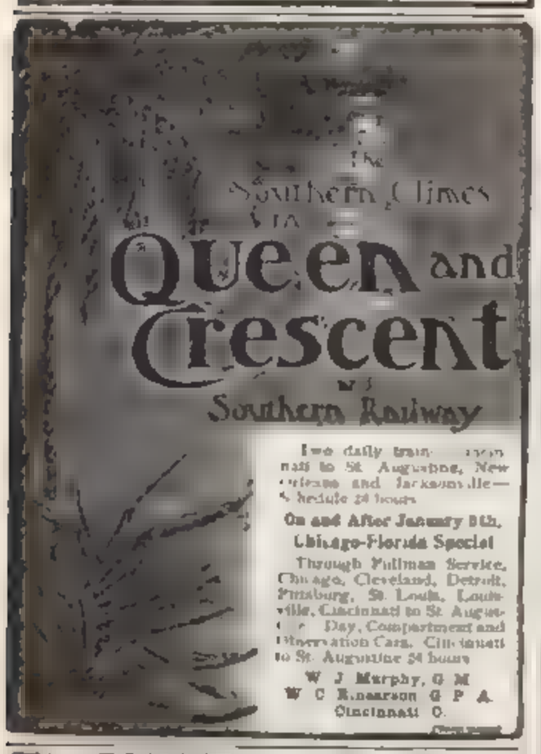
Economize

The Peerless Combination Suit Hanger enables you to save closet space — to keep your

Whole Suit on One Hanger

to save money — by pressing the trousers while hanging and by keeping the coat and vest in shape. Pleases all who use them. Single hangers 35c. prepaid. Six hangers and bracket $2.00 express prepaid. Try ten days, if not satisfactory return and your money refunded.

HINCHER MANUFACTURING CO.
Lock Box 312 Burr Oak, Mich.


The Southern Limited
Queen and Crescent
Southern Railway
Two daily trains cincinnati to St. Augustine, New Orleans and Jacksonville—Schedule 24 hours
On and After January 5th,
Chicago-Florida Special
Through Pullman Service, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati to St. Augustine. Day, Compartment and Observation Cars. Cincinnati to St. Augustine 24 hours
W. J. Murphy, G. M.
W. C. Rinearson G. P. A.
Cincinnati, O.

The SUN Typewriter No. 2

Built on standard principles with superior advantages.

A revelation in every feature including

Price $40.00

Sun Typewriter Co.
239 Broadway
New York

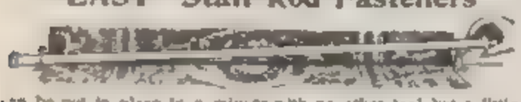
CORRECT WEDDING INVITATIONS

Announcements, visiting cards and society stationery direct from the makers at one profit.

A Book Free Simply send us your name on a postal and we will send you a 24-page book of correct society forms, lithographed from original steel engravings

THE FRANKLIN PRINTING & ENGRAVING COMPANY
307-311 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio

"EASY" Stair Rod Fasteners



can be put in place in a minute with no other tool but a little tack hammer and need never be removed. When you wish to open the can ben at each end it is as easy as opening a door) and remove the rod

A full set of fasteners for any stairway sent prepaid for 75 cents and the name of your dealer. Write for booklet.

BLOY & RICHARDS MFG. CO., 94 Hill St., Calumet, Michigan

If You Have Talent for

DRAWING

send 4c in stamps with your name and address, and get a free Sample Lesson with terms and twenty-page book of prize-winning pictures and full particulars of

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF CARICATURE,
Studio 65 World Bldg., N. Y.

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By The Congressman's Wife

DAVID always wondered why a wise Deity had created idiots and mosquitoes, and in view of some of the recent idiocies among the fashionable votaries of this town, I am constrained to wonder with David why idiots were created, though no doubt the answer would be that society here at the Capital will be made to profit by the idiots just as David profited by both idiots and mosquitoes

Robert says that it is not becoming in me to notice the idiocies of others of my smart friends, considering the probable idiocies I myself have been guilty of since we came here, and in view of the fact that it is the lot of all humanity to pursue trifles, for "whether we strut at a coronation or shout at a bonfire" it is all one in the long run But it seems to me to be a very particular sort of idiocy that will make the entire social set of a town become convulsed over every little matter of precedence, and every little bit of etiquette, and, above all, that will split it into factions over interpretations of the invitations to the White House. The question as to what constitutes a "summons" or a "command" has been carried to every tea, dinner and reception of the winter. We took up this subject at a recent luncheon.

"I consider," said the wife of a Cabinet officer, speaking with decision and as though she expected her remarks to rhyme with the Gospels, "that *everything* which emanates from the White House should be regarded as a command from which nothing but death should excuse us."

"And I consider," said Mrs. Blank, who always took a moderate view of everything, "that there are distinctions in the invitations that emanate from the White House. Any message, or any intimation even, coming from the President himself to Senator Blank is necessarily in the nature of a command to be acted upon at once. Also, any formal card in the name of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt bidding one to dinner is a summons before which any and all other engagements must give way. But I do not regard an informal invitation or request either in the light of a command or a summons, and when Kermit or Ethel telephones to my children to come up there to play with them, why, I do as I please about letting them go, and that is all there ought to be in the whole thing."

"And that is all that is desired by the inmates of the White House," said I, speaking positively, because I knew it was the truth

"For my part," said Mrs. Z——, "I never shall hold with all this to-do about precedence and etiquette. You folks down here are awfully stuck-up, and I can't see for the life of me that your ways are any better than ours out our way. Anybody in our town is perfectly free to drop in at the Governor's mansion with her knitting if she's a mind to, without waiting for a command, or a summons, that you think so much about down here. And I actually hear that some high and mighty ones of the foreigners think that folks ought to courtesy to the first lady in the land when they go to her parties, just as they do over in Europe. Now, I'd look nice, wouldn't I, at my age, making 'a cheese' before any one? Half the people seem to think that the Almighty sent a little handful of men into this world all booted and spurred to ride through life, and then sent the rest of us millions here to hop-and-go-fetch-it as best we can."

There was a good deal of homely truth in her words, even if we did have to smile at her way of putting it. Mrs. Z—— is always vigorous and plain-spoken. Mrs. Z—— is from the West and has joined the upper ranks of officialdom comparatively lately. She is continually drawing comparisons between Washington and her Western home, and particularly bemoans the fact that she could not bring her cow along when husband came to assist the Government at Washington. She hopes to find ample compensation, however, in her efforts to reform society here. Then an ex-Ambassadress, whose husband had represented us abroad some time ago, said:

"I think the customs and etiquette here are perfectly delightful. They are just the right thing for our country and are a great contrast to what prevails in Europe, I can assure you. I suppose," and she glanced around with a deprecating smile, "all of you have heard of my first appearance at Court, when the General was Ambassador at ——, and I sat down in the presence of Royalty?"

Why Ad. Writing Pays

Incomes from $100 to $500 a Month Through Mail Instruction.

What Two Students Have Accomplished in a Short Time.

BY GEORGE H. POWELL

The Leading American Expert

THE readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who read in the January 3 issue what I said about advertising writing as a money-making business were, in many cases, surprised at the rapid growth of this new vocation, although they have realized that the magazines and newspapers are constantly increasing their space devoted to publicity

Just how rapidly this increase is going on may be fairly judged by an examination of the various National publications of to-day and of a year or two back, although the daily papers likewise show the trend of the times in an equally conclusive manner.

And a wonderful bearing, too, it has on the future of the advertising writing business. Taking two different types of the daily press, the New York *Sun* and *World*· the records show that the net gain in the amount of advertising carried by the former in its columns during the year 1902 was twenty-eight per cent. over its 1901 total; while the latter publication shows a gain that exceeds one thousand columns for the same period

These figures are readily comprehended, and they go to prove that commercial America finds advertising so profitable that it is increasing its expenditure over a hundred millions of dollars annually in this one direction

The young man or woman who is thinking of learning the art of "Ad. writing," as it is commonly called, will, in face of facts and figures, cease to wonder that the competent writer is able to earn from $100 00 to $500 00 a month, and that the picked workers are filling positions at far greater salaries.

Columns might be written showing scores of reasons why modern advertising is forging to the front in leaps and bounds, but this space forbids more than a reference or two.

In the first place, it has been demonstrated in every conclusive test that the retailer who advertises wisely is bound to absorb most of the trade of his competitor who doesn't advertise, and in a like manner the manufacturer is wonderfully successful or not, as he practices or declines the great momentum that only comes with up-to-date advertising methods

Never before since the creation of man has any one factor appeared in the business world bearing such a mighty money producing wand as does modern advertising. It is less of an uncertainty than formerly, because its principles are getting to be thoroughly understood and appreciated.

In a word, the new advertiser can be quickly put next to the right methods, and competent advertising writers will take care of his copy and other details, when he has not the time to attend to this himself, as is generally the case

The lack of a sufficient number of good ad. writers, however, has compelled many a business man to take up correspondence instruction himself, or to put one of his clerks under my tutelage. Scarcely a week passes that some very prominent merchant does not enroll in my course for the specific purpose of learning how to branch out into a wider field The wholesale grocer wants to create a National demand for his coffees, the shirt manufacturer wants to establish stores in all large cities, the department store is anxious to build a new building or develop a mail order trade—and they all realize that their salvation depends almost wholly upon the judicious use of printers' ink.

And in this onward march to greater prosperity I want to go on record with a prophecy: within the next ten years the present volume of advertising will be doubled over the figures of 1902! So marvelous a weapon as scientific advertising will never be allowed to get rusty from want of use. Let a man discover gold in the coldest confines of the North, and thousands will flock thence if they have to walk. So, too, will our merchants and manufacturers follow the golden path blazed by good advertising and gather their fortunes. The failures of the past will be avoided by reason of greater knowledge, and there will soon be no valid reason for groping in the dark and stumbling over obstacles

Now a word about the men and women who are being called upon to write the advertising that returns such great dividends. The two young men whose portraits appear above are fair types of my students. Both have achieved skill within a comparatively few months. Mr. C. E. O'Neill to-day presides over the advertising department of one of the largest department stores in Wheeling, W. Va a position he obtained almost before completing my course of instruction, and within a few years I shall confidently expect to see him in the $5,000.00–$10,000.00 ranks. Mr. Norton Mattocks, the other student whose portrait appears above, is also another success, and although he is employed by one of the largest Duluth wholesale grocers and packers of advertised specialties, yet he does much outside work, and is frequently consulted by advertisers in the grocery trade

The fact that the Powell System of mail instruction can do so much is amply strengthened day by day by the continued successes of students. That it is the one correct system of teaching advertising there can be no doubt, and the testimony is so different, so much stronger and so much more specific than ever before heard of, that I know it is a power for good, alike to the man or woman who wishes to earn more, or to the business man who is anxious to seize his golden opportunities.

To these I shall be glad to mail my beautiful new Prospectus, the most interesting work of its kind ever issued, together with the strongest kind of testimony. Simply address me George H. Powell, 176 Temple Court, New York, N. Y

Free Whist Lessons.

$20 series of Whist Lessons, free, with each set of Paine's Whist Trays bought from a dealer. Write for particulars.

Paine's Duplicate Whist Trays—

Most satisfactory for playing Duplicate Whist—in which skill—not luck, wins. Sold by dealers. 8-tray set, $4.00; 12-tray set, $5.00, etc.

Booklet "Simple Whist," teaches principles of Whist in an evening. Sent for a 2-cent stamp.

The U. S. Playing Card Co.

Department 38 Cincinnati, U. S. A.

103

No attempt to improve upon the work of nature in making Shredded Wheat. The properties naturally organized are scientifically cooked. That is all.

Send for "The Vital Question" (Cook Book, illustrated in colors) FREE. Address

The NATURAL FOOD CO.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

When Ordering Shades
Specify
First Quality Shade Cloth
to be cut square and well mounted on
IMPROVED
HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS
All to be done in a workmanlike manner and left with the shades running freely and rolling up straight.
Genuine Shade Rollers bear the Autograph Signature of *Stewart Hartshorn* on label

WOOD ROLLERS —— TIN ROLLERS

Some of us had heard a rumor of the tale, but we were too polite to admit it, so we waited. She went on with a fine touch of humor

"Before we made our first appearance at Court the General asked for some instructions. I was given two or three points. I was told that I must back out of the presence of the Emperor and Empress, and I was shown how to do it. I was also instructed that I must not turn my back to any member of the reigning family, and as almost every other man and woman at Court was of the blood royal, you may fancy what a task was before me. When the first Court function came around I went in all the splendor of Court dress and tight shoes, and, as you all may see, I am no sylph. I got along very well, however, and backed away from the Emperor and Empress in good shape, and was congratulating myself on being safely over the worst of it when the General whispered to me suddenly, in a suppressed voice

"'Wife, wife, you are turning your back to the Archduke C——'

"I wheeled about promptly only to be met with

"'Take care; the Archduchess is just behind.'

"I wheeled again, and then heard the General warn me agonizingly:

"'The Prince, the Prince!'

"By this time I was not only very nervous but dizzy, and I said in a whisper to the General, 'Good Heavens! I've got to turn my back somewhere; do, pray, pilot me up against the wall; I suppose I won't be committing any breach if I turn my back to the wall?'

"But the General was obdurate and insisted that the wife of the American Ambassador must face the music, and before the evening was a quarter gone I felt perfectly sure that I had backed all over the map of Europe, and besides, my tight shoes had begun to bite as only tight shoes can on such occasions. At last, when it was almost impossible for me to spin about any longer, a space was cleared and I spied a gorgeous green satin sofa. I said to the General

"'You see that green sofa over there? Well, Royalty or no Royalty, I'm going to sit on that sofa, even if the Grand Chamberlain makes a face at me.'

"And did you?" I asked, as the ex-Ambassadress wiped away a tear of laughter.

"Of course I did," she said, "and to this day the General can't bear to see the color, green, anywhere about. But I'm thankful we don't have to back around over here."

"For all that," said the Secretary's wife, "our etiquette is too elastic. If it were not so there would not have been that little episode at my house when I gave a young people's dinner in honor of the Countess de Blank, who is one of the most charming young women who has ever graced the diplomatic corps. At this particular dinner the man who sat next to her, and who ought to have known better, called out to her, aloud, when she playfully purloined some of his salted almonds while his head was turned, '*Cochon! Cochon!*' He was in jest, of course, but fancy my consternation and chagrin next day when I was waited upon by a chargé or attaché of her country, and forced to explain that 'pig' in the United States is only a playful term for greediness, and that everybody at the table had perfectly understood it. Now where, I ask, but in Washington, where etiquette is lax, could such an impossible thing have happened?"

"Ah, but the worst mistake and the funniest thing happened here in Mrs. Fish's time," put in Mrs. Blank, "when Mr. Fish was Secretary of State in Grant's Administration. The Fishes gave every two weeks what were called in those days State receptions, to which everybody of importance went. A certain diplomat who was newly arrived in this country and who spoke little English attended one of these State affairs, and became embarrassed because he had to take his leave early in order to keep another engagement. He did not know how to frame his excuses in English, so he sought the help of a young fellow about town, who was a wag, and this wicked young man said:

"'Just go up to Mrs. Fish, bow very low, and say, "I regret, Madame, that I must go, but I have other *fish* to fry."'"

This yarn capped the absurdities. Then Mrs. Blank went on more seriously

"What a popular man is Mr. Pulido, of the Venezuelan Legation. He is to become Minister, I hear."

"Yes, he is popular," said I. "Mr. Slocum says he is one of the most popular foreigners in the Metropolitan Club, and that when some of the youngsters in the club the other day, with daring temerity, dubbed him 'Castro,'

David Wasn't Content

with tending sheep;
that's why he killed the giant.

Don't stay in a business where you can't hope to do things.

Employees:

Are you progressive? Has daily routine taken the life and ambition out of you? No?

Well, then, are you fitted by training or experience for some special position or responsibility? Some post where your best abilities will be better appreciated and rewarded?

Write Hapgoods. We need men capable of filling such positions as Cashiers, Tellers, Secretaries, Treasurers, Superintendents, Managers, Engineers, Insurance men, Expert Bookkeepers, Traveling Salesmen and High-Grade Solicitors. We are also looking for bright young College men of all kinds.

Employers:

Don't let your business methods grow rusty. Study the personnel of your working force and see if the men whom you hold responsible for results are the best you can get

If you need more or different men—enthusiastic, vigorous, experienced men of all-around ability—or trained specialists, we have them or can get them for you.

I wish to express my complete satisfaction with the service rendered me by Hapgoods. I registered late in September. The day I registered you offered me three positions, at salaries ranging from $3,500 to $5,000, and am happy to state that the position I finally accepted through your efforts, is with the largest and best house in its line—color printing—and will pay me considerably more than $5,000.

P. C. SHERMAN, 269 58th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We supply men who can do things for men who want things done.
If interested in either class write us for plan and booklet.

HAPGOODS
HELPFUL IN BUSINESS

HAPGOODS

Registration for business men

257 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Save Time and $10

To study advertising under Mr. Helms you'll have to enroll without delay. His system of personal instruction limits the number of his pupils. He has absolutely no assistants. The limit is now nearly reached. Then all enrolments will have to go on a waiting list, and taken up as students are graduated. These [illegible] have to pay an advance of $10 on present prices.

If you're going to be an ad writer, why not have the best teacher? Mr. Helms was long connected with the John Wanamaker advertising office. Business [illegible] Salesmanship for Manufacturers. In fact, a recommendation from Mr. Helms means

Many Dollars For You

We'll gladly tell you more about this superior course, if you [illegible] Write, but—*be prompt.* There's a penalty for procrastination.

THE FIFTH AVENUE SCHOOL
114 E. Fifth Avenue New York

DEAFNESS

The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and most effective *invisible* device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company, Dept. T
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

MUSIC TAUGHT BY MAIL. Piano, Organ, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Violin and Cornet. Send for free Catalogue and Testimonials. Address Box 109.
U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 19 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA

Reliable Information

about orange growing, fruit culture, vegetable gardening, grain growing, poultry, climate, soil, water, lands, power, markets, manufacturing facilities, wages, etc.

[illegible] illustrated book "San Francisco" [illegible] All other printed matter and [illegible] sent free upon request. Low railroad rates February, March and April

California Promotion Committee
Representing
State Commercial Organizations,
Dept. LL, 28 New Montgomery Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

TELEGRAPHY

taught thoroughly. Our institution established in 1874, and is endorsed by officials of the Western Union Telegraph Co.

Opportunities Very Great

Unable to fill all positions that are open. Total cost [illegible] typewriting), board and room 6 months' course $82 [illegible]

DODGE'S INSTITUTE, Valparaiso, Ind.

YOU'RE LOOKING

for just such a machine as Miller's new

Ideal Incubator

[illegible] 30 days trial. Absolutely automatic. Test it yourself. Big poultry and poultry supply book free.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 64, Freeport, Ill.

STAMMER

[illegible]
LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

LEARN LAW
At Home

Too hard? Write and learn how we lighten the load and clear the road to

LAW PRACTICE

In state board examinations, in every state, for admission to the bar, our students have passed with distinction. Our course is endorsed by bench, bar and law schools. During thirteen successful years we have proved its practicability.

Every man who aspires to the highest

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

will be helped immensely by our short course in Commercial Law. The demand of the day is for business men with sufficient legal knowledge to guide great enterprises safely. No business man can afford to miss this opportunity to enlarge his capacity.

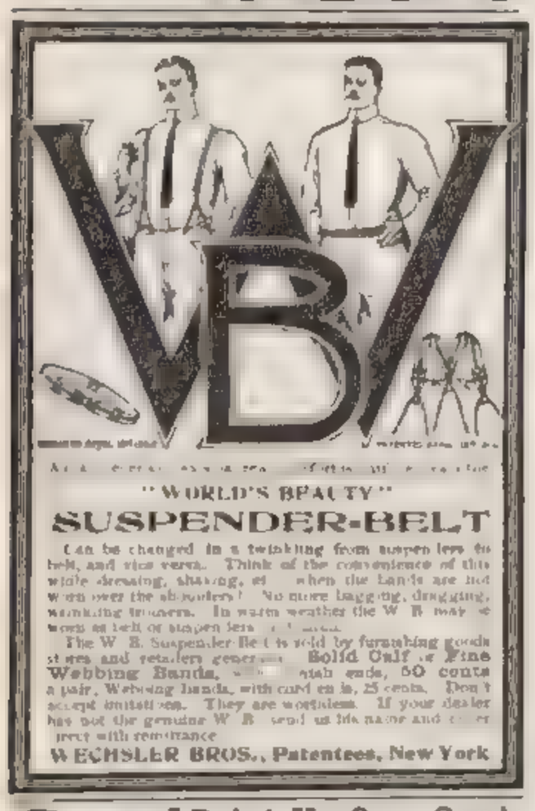
IN PUBLIC LIFE

legal training is almost essential in an efficient executive or law maker. Our government must, in all its branches, be dominated by minds with legal training.

Send us your name and we will send catalogue, best terms, evidences of our students' success, opinions of leading men and everything needed to convince you of our superiority, ability and standing. If there are special difficulties in the way of your studying law, perhaps we can help remove them.

Preparatory Law Course
Commercial Law Course
College Law Course

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
347 Majestic Building
Detroit, Mich



"WORLD'S BEAUTY"

SUSPENDER-BELT

Can be changed in a twinkling from suspenders to belt, and vice versa. Think of the convenience of this while dressing, shaving, etc., when the hands are not worn over the shoulders! No more bagging, dragging, wrinkling trousers. In warm weather the W B may be worn as belt or suspenders. [illegible]

The W B Suspender-Belt is sold by furnishing goods stores and retailers generally. Solid Calf or Fine Webbing Bands, [illegible] ends, 50 cents a pair. Webbing bands, with cord ends, 25 cents. Don't accept imitations. They are worthless. If your dealer has not the genuine W B send us his name and we will direct with remittance.

WECHSLER BROS., Patentees, New York

I Print My Own Cards

Circulars, Newspaper. Press $5. Larger size $18. Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

he took it all in good part, but drew himself up and said with fire, quoting from Cowper, to the surprise of his listeners:

"'Ah, Castro, yes. "Who hath not owned with rapture-smitten frame, the power of grace, the magic of a name?"'"

"That was fine loyalty," we exclaimed. Then the Secretary's wife said

"I am very glad that Baron von Sternberg is coming back. He used to be very popular here, and he is very popular at the White House from the President down to the children. You know his name is Speck von Sternberg, and when he was here in November visiting the President, and the children, Archie and Ethel, heard his name, they went out at once to take stock of their pets, and the only thing they could find that was suggestive in any way of the Baron was an old speckled hen, which they promptly named Speck von Sternberg, much to the amusement of the Baron, and when the children naively told the Baron that she was the best scratcher among the lot, they were quite overcome at the hilarity this provoked."

"Which of those boys was it who made the remarkable answer to his teacher's question as to his parent's occupation?" asked Mrs. Blank.

Oh, that was Kermit. Last spring his teacher had his class up and was giving a little talk on the usefulness of work and occupation, and he asked each boy in turn what his father's occupation was. When it came Kermit's turn to answer he seemed entirely surprised to be asked such a question. He seemed embarrassed how to reply. He said haltingly

"'My father? Why, my father doesn't do anything, sir.'

'Oh, yes, Kermit, your father is a very busy man. What is his occupation?'

"'Why, my father is—is—— Why, sir, he is—it

We laughed at this, for any of the tales about those children amuses everybody in Washington. Then Mrs. Blank said

"Little Archie, when he is gotten up for a ride, with his sombrero precisely like his father's, and real spurs and long leggins, and mounted on his pony, is the cunningest little chap I have seen for many a day. He is like a little Hop o'-my-thumb. To see his pony try to keep up with his father's big horse, and to see that boy try to sit like his father, and to see him dash along over the stones and through the mud with his father's encouraging words of 'That's well done, my son,' is one of the sights about Washington that I am glad to have seen

I have often wondered," said I, "whether the President's orderly does not nearly die of laughter sometimes out on these famous rides, particularly when Senator Lodge happens to be along. Senator Lodge rides in the English fashion, and it is the President's delight to steal up and suddenly stir up his horse into a hard run. But no matter how hard they go Senator Lodge just bobs up and down mechanically, and seems never to be able to catch up with the President, who is usually a quarter of a mile ahead or just disappearing over a fence, and that orderly never smiles."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Blank, "Senator Lodge's riding might be regarded as scholarly rather than brilliant. He certainly never has ridden a bronco in his life, but it is the conviction of two-thirds of the Senate that he is a power behind the throne. Isn't this about true?" she asked, turning to the Secretary's wife, who was supposed to know the innermost secrets of the court

"Oh, I think Mr. Lodge is consulted, as are many other public men, but——" And the Secretary's wife broke off with conscious reserve

"Well," said I, taking up the thread as I remembered what Robert had told me lately about a midnight meeting on the streets of Washington, "I believe that Senator Lodge is the closest confidant the President has. All of us know that the very chairs at the White House have eyes and the walls have ears, and thus some of the most secret and weighty conferences of the nation take place elsewhere. Sometimes when the President is troubled about some particularly bothering public affair he has been known to slip quietly out of the White House in the middle of the night, elude the Secret Service men who are ever on guard, and unattended go to Senator Lodge's house, rout him out of his sleep, and the two, arm in arm and with heads bent down, roam the streets together, which, as everybody knows, are the most utterly deserted thoroughfares after twelve o'clock on this continent. They discuss presumably public affairs of moment, until the President, fearing he may be missed and a hue and cry raised, goes home again."

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From the book that has taken New England by storm

Jan. 6 **THE**

it snowed last nite and today. Speaking in school today, I spoke the burrial of sir John More. Old Francis said he never heard enuything wirse in his life. I hope he wont tell father. This afternoon we plaged stewdcats.

Jan. 7 **REAL**

Ed Tole has got a gote, the fellers stumped me to hold him by the horns and he buted me over in the stork. Mother said I had no biznuss to be playing on sun d—

Jan. 8 **DIARY**

brite and fair, there is going to be a nigger shew in the town hall tonite, father says I cant go, because I sassed aunt Sarah. it is uncle Toms cabbin.

Jan. 9 **OF**

brite and fair. Beany went to the nigger shew. he led one of the blackamoos in the procession and got a ticket. Beany had on a red vest just like the dogs. he said it was bull.

Jan. 10 **A**

many Nipper Bean is the best scolar in our class from the start. I can lick Nipper easy.

Jan. 11 **REAL**

brite and fair. After school me and Beany and Pewt and Fatty Melcher and Pony Chadwick and lots of fellers went skating on fresh river. I was skating backwerd and put one leg in a eal hole. gosh the water was cold

Jan. 12 **BOY**

nobody got licked in school today guess why, because there wasent enny school. ...d Francis was sick, I went skating

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The Reading Table

Specimen Pages from a Revised Edition of Mangrall's Questions on Common Subjects: A Book for Schools

By CAROLYN WELLS

(Q.) Whence have we mohair? (A.) Mohair, a most irritating fabric, is made from the hair of the Mo, a large fur-bearing animal found chiefly in the United States. (Q.) Where is the finest specimen of this animal found? (A.) The St. Louis, Mo., is the largest and best known.

(Q.) Whence have we sole-leather? (A.) Sole-leather is the tanned and dried skin of the sole. (Q.) How is the leather prepared? (A.) The sole, which is but French for flounder, is cooked in oil until it is overdone. This is sole-leather.

(Q.) What is an angleworm? (A.) An angleworm is a small worm which has no curves, but disposes its length in sharp, acute angles.

(Q.) What is a cat? (A.) A four-footed domestic animal. (Q.) What is the plural of cat? (A.) Cattle.

(Q.) What is a dog? (A.) Another domestic pet. (Q.) What is the dog's mother called? (A.) A dogma.

(Q.) Are the dog and cat antagonistic? (A.) Yes. (Q.) How can you prove this? (A.) By the fact that there are so many conflicts between dogmatism and catechism.

(Q.) What is a theory? (A.) Something that must be so because there is no reason for it. (Q.) What is an exploded theory? (A.) One whose report goes off in smoke.

(Q.) What is poetry? (A.) Rhyme or blank verse. (Q.) What is better than blank verse? (A.) Blank lines. (Q.) What is the science of poetry called? (A.) Arhythmetic.

(Q.) What is a miser? (A.) One who mises.

(Q.) What is a viper? (A.) One who, or that which, vipes.

The Right of Way

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"I want this subway bad," Mr. Hill's visitor explained. "I have petitioned your company but without getting satisfaction. So I have come to you for advice."

The railway builder smiled.

"I have found," he said, "that the best plan in such cases is to go ahead and get permission afterward."

The subway is now in course of construction and no protest has been filed by the Great Northern.

A JIG

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

OH, MISS LIZE, come eat wid me,
Uneracaf the blue gum tree;
What you gine to have fu' to eat, my deah?
'Possum meat an' 'simmon beer,
Git you ready.

Oh, Brer Samson, what'll I wath,
Fo' I come to meet you thath?
Wath de little linsey dress o' yo'n
An' slick yo' hath wid a 'possum bone;
Git you ready.

Now, Miss Lize, I tek yo' han',
Sweetes' chile in all de lan';
What you gine to do ef I walk wid you?
I's gine weavin' thoo an' thoo;
Git you ready.

Come, my lady, don't you wait,
I's done got yo' cup an' plate;
What you gine to do w'en de feas' is spread?
Den, my da'lin', we will wed!
Git you ready.

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THREE IN A GAME

(Continued from Page 5)

"D'ye believe what this young feller has told you?"

They said they did. Shadwell turned again to Gawthrop.

"It's 'ard lines on men as is sailormen, and ships so short'anded as they always is with greedy owners, to 'ave shipmates as can't do their work But you look bright, young feller, and if you skips quick and does your best, there ain't no reason as you shouldn't be *some* kind of use in the world before we're off the Horn. And I say the same to you over there!"

"Go to the devil," replied Hunt sulkily

"Sailormen don't go there. *They* goes to Fiddler's Green," said Shadwell. "And mark me! Put the girl out of your minds This was a put-up job, and *she* was in it She'll marry this here Gardiner!"

"He hasn't a cent," said Gawthrop contemptuously.

"It don't follow," said Shadwell stubbornly, "that because women is wicked by nature they ain't silly by ch'ice. I tell you Gardiner 'as gone to wind'ard of you! He's laughin' this very minute!"

And so he was. But Edith Atherton was by no means amused at the sudden disappearance of the two men who were supposed to stand highest in her favor. Whether she cared much or little for either of them or not, it was unpleasant to have them fail to keep their appointments, and to leave San Francisco without a word of explanation. Her first and very natural impulse was to let every one infer that she had rejected both of them. But when old Mr. Gawthrop called on her on the second day she had to own that she understood the mystery as little as the newspapers did. And all the papers were very keen on any scent.

There was one newspaper which suggested that they might have been shanghaied. It was the Era on which Gardiner worked. For though he had made up his mind to do very little more work on any paper, he was loyal to his flag so long as he hoisted it, and meant that the Era should be able to sail in at the last and say "We told you so." And when every one else on the paper failed in getting an interview with Miss Atherton, he volunteered to try

"You must understand, however," he said to his editor, "that even if I see her I don't promise to write anything about it. You see, I knew her a little when she was in New York two years ago, and though I'm not in the gilt-edged crowd she adorns here I owe her something."

And Edith Atherton saw him, although she did consider a man on a newspaper little, if anything, better than a deck-hand on a Bay ferryboat. She had never understood what he was doing in California at all. He went to interview her, and she interviewed him

"I'm here as a man from the Era, Miss Atherton," said Gardiner. He spoke almost timidly. It was the first time he had ever been alone with her

"You are *not* here as a man from the Era," said Edith

"You mean——" said Gardiner eagerly.

"I mean that," said Edith; "just that. You are here as the Mr. Gardiner I met in New York."

Gardiner's eyes sparkled. He looked at her, smiled and then laughed.

"But mayn't I ask you anything about the —Mystery?" he asked.

"I don't see what it has to do with me," replied Edith. "But I see your paper says they have been shanghaied. Tell me what that means."

He explained; no man knew better

"You mean they have gone to sea as common sailors?" she exclaimed.

"That is the theory of the Era," said Gardiner dryly. "If we are right, it will do them both good."

"I'm rather sorry for Sibley Gawthrop," she said. But Gardiner was not so young as to be discouraged by her sympathy for Sibley.

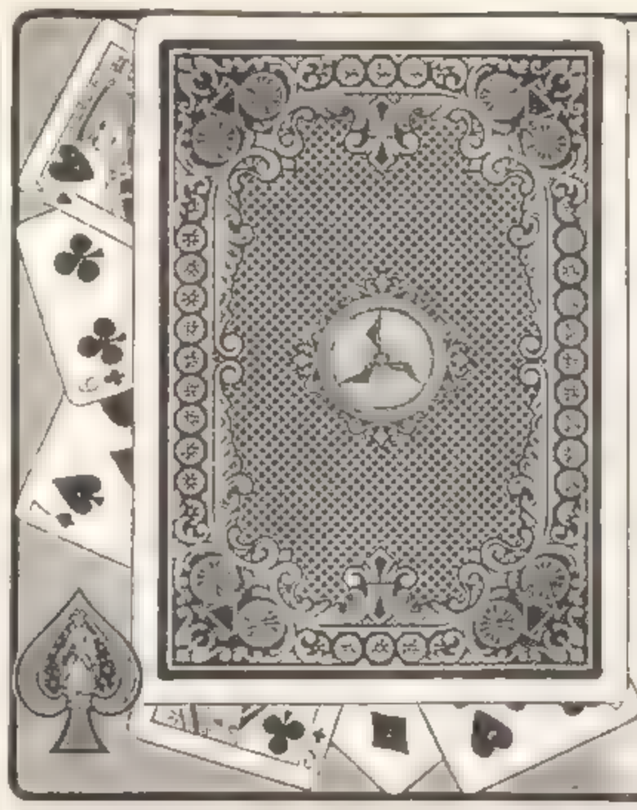
"May I be sorry for him, too?" asked Gardiner boldly. Edith Atherton stared at him and dropped her eyes.

"How is your father?" she asked irrelevantly. "He was a very nice old man."

So he is," replied Gardiner; "the only trouble was that he believed he owned me. He came from the South, and was one of the few Southerners who, on losing their slaves, played their own game on the men from the North. He and I quarreled about a subject in which I considered he had no right to interfere."

There were no obvious implications in the way he spoke, and Edith Atherton saw none.

"What was that?" she asked innocently enough.



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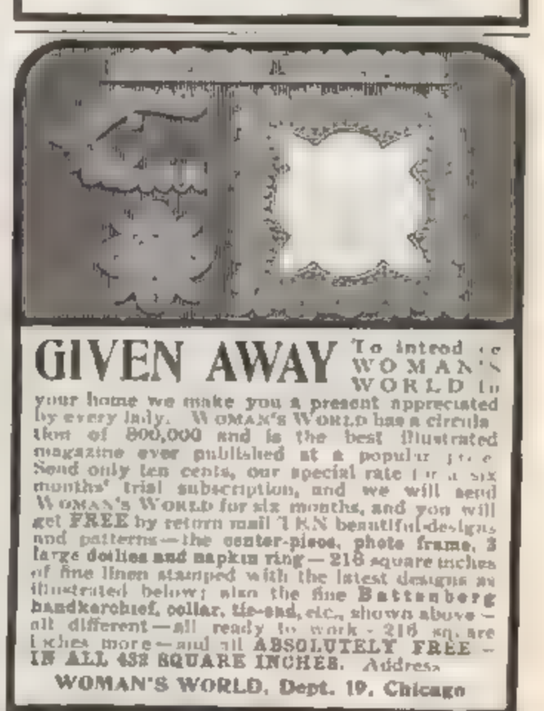

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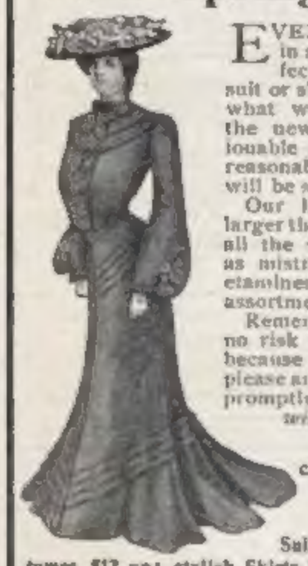

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" His view was that I shouldn't marry until he let me. I wanted to marry you."

Edith gasped a little and took hold of her chair as she bent forward.

" Indeed, Mr. Gardiner."

" I still want to, Miss Atherton. And as the lady whom he asked me to marry was married a month ago, I think he will forgive me if I ask him. It was always understood, even when we parted, that he would reinstate me as his partner if I succeeded for myself."

" And have you succeeded?" asked Edith with bent head. Gardiner rose from his chair and went toward her.

" That is for you to say," he cried.

And when he returned to the office he handed in no more than a paragraph. It was considered in some quarters an adequate explanation of the disappearance of Hunt and Gawthrop. Yet it was not adequate for Edith. It was only when she became Mrs. Gardiner, and they were on their way East, that her husband told her the truth.

" I'm really very sorry, now," said Gardiner. " Nevertheless, it will do them lots of good. They required it. You never really liked either of them, Edith?"

" No-o, not that way," said his wife. But she said to herself, " That next day I should have accepted Mr. Gawthrop."

They ran into Laramie Junction, that horrible desert of sagebrush and alkali. A bitter wind drove dust against the windows of their car.

" It's a ghastly prospect," said Gardiner, as he looked out on the prairie.

" It would have been," replied his wife absently.

" It would have been?" asked her husband in surprise.

" I mean it is, of course," said Edith.

The Way of a Bird in the Air

RECENT developments in aërial navigation have renewed interest in the comparative study of the mechanical principles involved in the flying of birds.

There is one exceedingly puzzling law in regard to birds and all flying creatures, the solution of which may work far-reaching influences in the construction of flying craft.

This law, which has thus far perplexed scientists, is that the heavier and bigger the bird or insect, the less relative wing area is required for its support. Thus the area of wing surface of a gnat is forty-nine units of area to every one of weight.

In graphic contrast to that, a condor *(sarcorhamphus gryphus)* which weighed 16.52 pounds had a wing surface of 9.80 square feet. In other words, though the gnat needs wing surface in a ratio of forty-nine square feet per pound of weight, a great condor manages to sail along majestically with 59-100ths of a square foot to a pound of weight.

The unexplained phenomenon persists consistently throughout the whole domain of entomology and ornithology. Going up the scale from the gnat, it is found that with the dragon-fly this ratio is 30 to 1, with the *tipula*, or daddy-long-legs, 14.5 to 1, the cockchafer only 5.15 to 1, the rhinoceros beetle 3.14 to 1.

Among birds the paradoxical law that the smaller the creature the bigger the relative supporting wings holds good. A screech owl *(scops zorca)* weighing one-third of a pound had 2.35 square feet of wing surface per pound of weight. A fish hawk *(pandion haliætus)* weighing nearly three pounds had a wing area of 1.08 square feet to each pound. A turkey buzzard weighing 5.6 pounds had a little less than one square foot of wing surface to each pound. A griffon vulture *(gyps fulvus)* weighing 16.52 pounds had a wing surface of only .68 square feet to the pound.

To this law, which is a baffling problem thus far to both ornithologists and members of aëronautical societies, there are no exceptions among flying creatures extant, but it is possible that the pterodactyl which winged its way over the cretaceous sea that once extended from the Gulf of Mexico through Kansas was an exception.

Prof. S.W. Williston, of the State University of Kansas, believes that the body of this strange flying reptile was little more than an appendage to the wings, which had a spread of twenty feet.

Scientists, however, hesitate to speak with certainty in regard to the body of the pterodactyl, although more is known of the wings from their impressions in the lithographic stone of Solenhofen, which has a fine grain.

Students of aërial navigation who are devoting much attention to observations of birds say that if the peculiar law governing extant flying creatures could be fathomed the problem of human flight might be solved.

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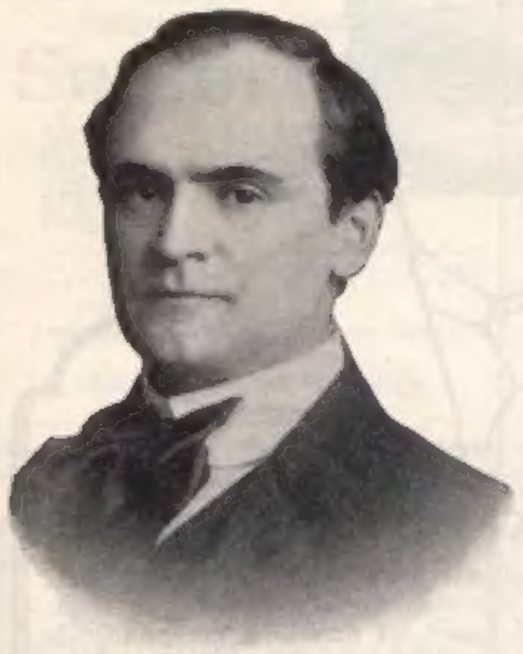

William Walker Atkinson, Editor

The New Thought Magazine is the exponent of effort. That means sincere effort toward success. Wherever you are or whatever you are, if you value the inspiration of contact with the minds of others who are also striving for success, you will find it in the New Thought. We call it the New Thought—it is simply made up of old thoughts, about opportunity, effort, self-control, success—that's the sum of it. We try to find and understand the "how." We try to learn to know our own possibilities and limitations, to develop the one and overcome the other. We recognize the vital difference between "I can't" and "I can and I will."

Every man or woman, young or old, who has ambition, has a part with us and we want your sympathy and fellowship. The New Thought Magazine is for sale on news-stands. It costs just 5 cents a copy. You can sample the spirit of it for one nickel. If it agrees with you, each month's copy will cost you just the same price. If, by any chance, your dealer is out or hasn't the magazine, send us his name and yours and we'll see that you are supplied.

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GOLDEN FLEECE

By David Graham Phillips

(Continued from Page 11)

suppressed shriek—and Frothingham saw Cecilia's hands hastily snatch the written sheets from under the light. Then he heard a voice in his ear—he hardly knew it as hers:

"Come—come quickly!"

He rose and with his hand touching her arm followed her. The door opened—the dim hallway seemed brightly lighted, so great was the contrast. The maid was seated there. She at once rose, entered the medium's room and closed the door behind her. Cecilia and Frothingham went into the quiet little street—the brilliant sunshine, the white snow over everything; in the distance the rumble of the city.

He gave a huge sigh of relief, and wiped the sweat from his face—his very hair was wet and his collar was wilted. He was sickly pale.

"She always wishes to be left that way," said Cecilia, as if she did not know what she was saying.

They walked to the corner together. "I am not well," she said. He ventured to look at her; she was wan and old, and her eyes were deep-circled in blue-black and she was blue-black at the corners of her mouth, at the edges of her nostrils. "I must go home—they will telephone Mrs. Ridgie. Don't say where I was taken ill. Forgive me—it was all my fault—yet not mine. Good-by——" She did not put out her hand to him, but stood off from him with fear and anguish in her downcast eyes.

"The woman's a fraud—a——" he began.

She turned upon him with a fury of which he would not have believed her capable. "Go! Go!" she exclaimed, as if she were driving away a dog. "Already you may have lost me my love. Go!"

He shrank from her. She walked rapidly away, and he saw her hail a cab, enter it, saw the cab drive away. With his head down he strode back the way he had come. He turned into the quiet little street, went to Mrs. Ramsay's door, lifted and dropped the knocker several times. The maid opened the door a few inches and showed a frowning face.

Frothingham widened the space by thrusting himself into it. "Tell Mrs. Ramsay that Lord Frothingham wishes to speak to her," he said in a tone that made her servant his servant.

She went into the ghost-chamber and soon reappeared. "Mrs. Ramsay is too exhausted to see any one to-day."

"Bah!" exclaimed Frothingham, and stalked past the maid and into the ghost-chamber.

The curtains were back and the slats of the shutters were open. Mrs. Ramsay in her great chair by the table was using a bottle of salts. She did not look in Frothingham's direction as he closed the door sharply behind him.

He went to her and stood over her, scowling down at her. "What the deuce did you do that for, Lilian?"

Mrs. Ramsay did not change expression and did not answer.

"No one ever treated you decenter than I did. *You*——"

"No names, please, Slobsy," said Mrs. Ramsay, shaking her bottle and sniffing it again.

At "Slobsy" he shivered—he was not a lunatic on the subject of his dignity, but he did not fancy this nickname of his Oxford days, thus inopportunely flung at him. He felt that at one stroke she had cut the ground from under his feet.

"I was sorry to do it," she continued "But I couldn't have you poaching on my preserves, could I now, Slobsy? It cut me to do it"—she looked at him with friendly sympathy—"but you could better afford to lose her than I could. You forgive me, don't you? You always were sensible."

"I'll expose you," he said—he was once more imperturbable, and was looking at her calmly through his eyeglass and was speaking in his faintly satirical drawl.

"Expose—what?" asked Mrs. Ramsay, sniffing at her salts.

He reflected. What *could* he expose? Clearly, no one but himself to Cecilia, or Cecilia to the public. He knew nothing about Mrs. Ramsay that would prove her a fraud. He turned and hurriedly left the room and the house.

"What luck—just my rotten luck!" he said to himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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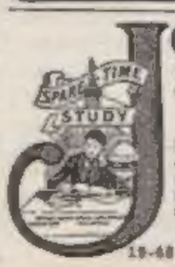

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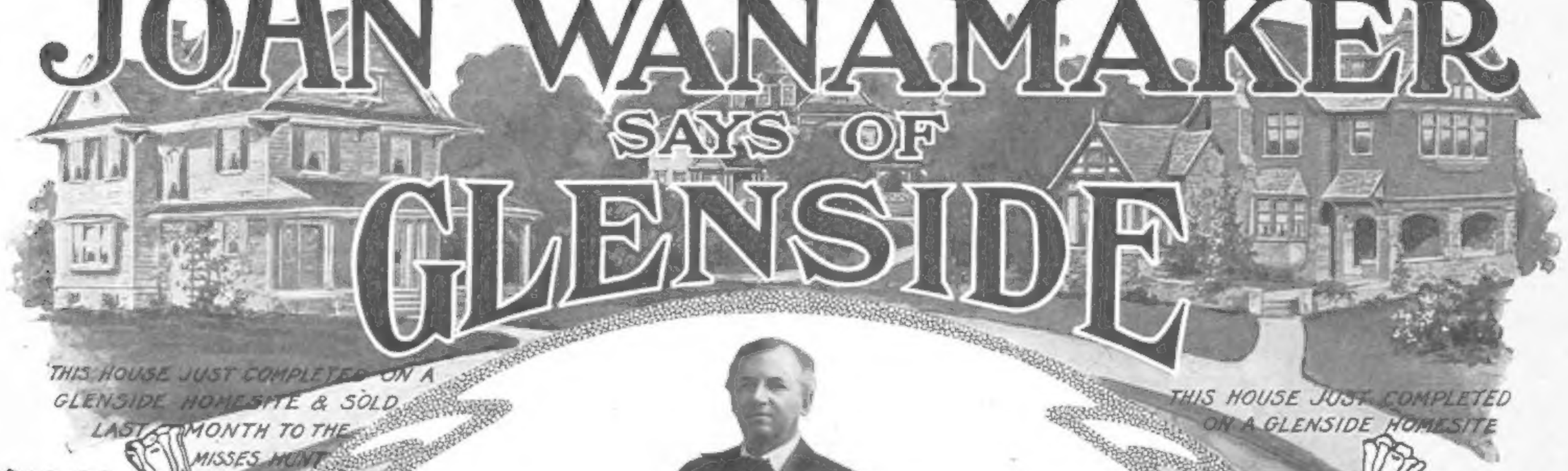
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